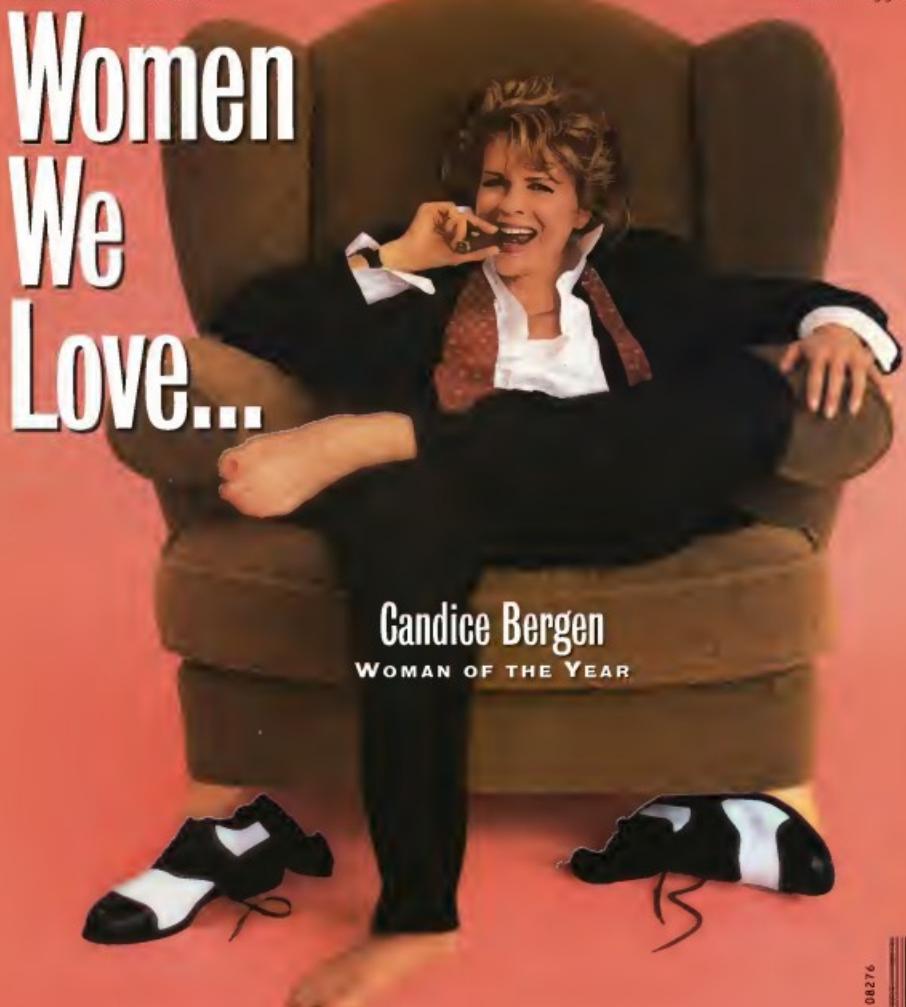


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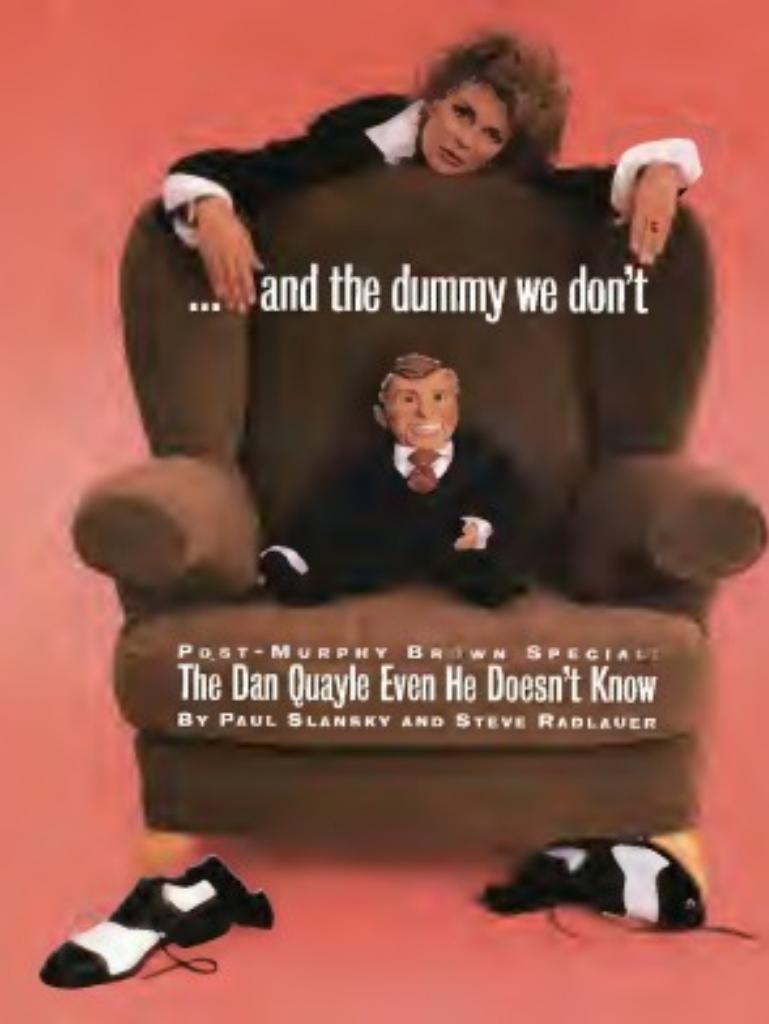
Women We Love...



Candice Bergen
WOMAN OF THE YEAR

08276





(WOMEN WE LOVE)

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POST-MURPHY BROWN SPECIAL
The Dan Quayle Even He Doesn't Know
BY PAUL SLANSKY AND STEVE RADLAUER



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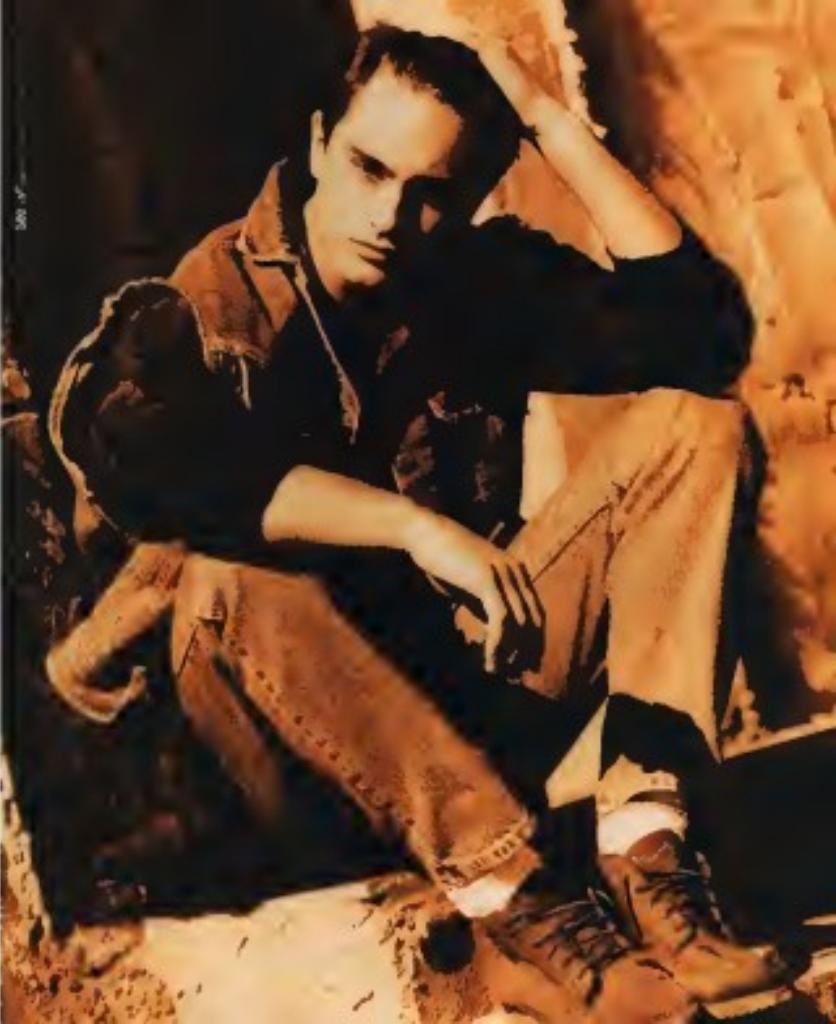
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FEATURES



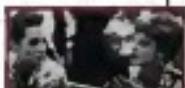
Did we get the right ones? Lili, Vicki, Page 78

ESSAY

What Women Think of Other Women

Despite Betty Friedan and *The Feminine Mystique*, despite Susan Faludi and *Blood, Sweat, and Tears*, women continue to fear and envy one another. Everything you've ever wished you could hear as a fly on the powder room wall.

By ELIZABETH KATE *It's like cold hell...* Page 94



FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Crazy in Cambodia

With the signing of new accords in Paris, Prince Sihanouk has returned to Cambodia to take power back from the Khmer Rouge. The country is seething with corruption, violence, and bickering aid workers, while Pol Pot waits placidly in the jungle. Things are back on an even keel.

By ROBERT SAM ANTHONY

Welcome Home, Sisley! Two decades after the killing fields, it's business as usual in Phnom Penh. Page 106



ESQUIRE SPECIAL

Airhead Apparent

By PAUL SLANSKY AND STEVE RADELAUER

ONCE DAN QUAYLE was fodder for the jokes of a nation. Now the guy with the guts to tackle the *Murphy Brown* issue is roaming the land as the bit man of the Grand Old Party. As another mind-numbing campaign season begins, we offer our definitive Quayle companion, chock-full of wholesome, nutritious family values.



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MAN AT HIS BEST

Europalia
A European
group plus
one, here
has given
music from
Europe the
spring dot
in Jerry
Seinfeld's
summer tour
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126
THE MAN OF THE HOUR: School Tie—Andrew Lowery, Chris O'Donnell, Matt Damon, Randall Batinkoff, and friends finally—show off Abboud's hippest influences to date.

PHOTOGRAPH BY
DOUGLAS KIRKLAND



Joe and Matt Damon,
young party in Heck
laugh. Page 126

Spindicator

140
THE 8TH DOCTOR HITS THE LUNCH: Special when ordered:
featuring a brief history of signs and much more!

By MICHAEL HIRSCHORN AND
GUY MARTIN

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THE POLO PLAID
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上課的時候，我們會把問題列出來。

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八九

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TOM S. WILSON (Sales Manager)
EDWARD J. KELLY (Controller)

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ANSWER BY:
Daryl O'Connor

Amblyomma americanum
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spotted. All the mouth parts pale. Four pairs
of legs, each pair ending in two claws.

RE·UNION
M E N S W E A R

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

Stern Reactions

IF HOWARD STERN IS America's wake-up call, please let me sleep ("Puck Up Your Toot," by Andrew Krueger; and "The Howard Stern Interviews," by Robert Johnson May). Do I really want to see Howard Stern's face on the cover of this or any other magazine? No, God, not Do I want to see Stern's face in the future of TV? No, please let Howard Tarbutton be wrong. Do I want to see a photo of Stern's face on some weird fat's book? Not really, but at least there it's hidden from the public.

—LINDA HANSTEDT
Santa Barbara, Calif.

AT LAST I'VE READ ALL OF *Assassinating*, proudest of the pseudointellectuals who insist on dismissing him as a hamopholic, racist, sexist pig. Listen to Howard over a period of time and it will become painfully obvious that he is a very obnoxious human being who has the guts to put a smile up to American society so we can see how abject things so often are. He may be seen as a "shock jock" in the unformed, but surely he is a social consciousness who, five days a week, puts out four hour-plus comedy albums.

—CORY D. MILLER
South Pasadena, Calif.

ONE LET ME SEE if I get this straight: Howard Stern is an obnoxious, sexist, racist creep who sells short women but is apparently really funny, because women, men and women are hilarious. Yeah, when I was fourteen I thought so, too. But wait, it's explained: He's supposed to be funny, which makes everything okay.

—DONALD CANTRELL
Brentwood, Calif.

I'M A LIBERAL RINO BY DAY. I believe in individual rights, legalised gambling, drug legislation, abortion, and the right to die by one's own hand. But Howard Stern is an obnoxious, sexist, racist

—JOHN H. COLEMAN
Piedmont, N.C.

WHY DAY? What an untimely cover on the May issue. I flipped it off and tore it into tiny pieces before I knew what I'd done. My urge of relief brought me back to reality. Unfortunately, you guys might see it in the gas again.

—JOHN JAMES
Tampa, Fla.

Far from Average

WE AREN'T WAITING A LONG TIME FOR SOMEONE TO CAPTURE THE INEVITABLE IMPACT OF THE *OS* ON THE AMERICAN PSYCHE, THE WAY DON KESSI DID IN HIS ENTERTAINING ANALYSIS OF THE *GARDEN OF BOURGEOISIE* ("*Average American Family*," May). How sad that the tremendous energy intensity and creative inventiveness of that period had the unfortunate tendency to teach us that dumbed-down formulaic and derivative fragile writing means Donald Kessi did a better job of illuminating both the logic and dark sides of the "deconstruction and reorganization" of our culture.

—MARK HARRIS
New York, N.Y.

Dean's List

ONE PARTIES "They Might Be Giants" ("Ed") is a progress look at five young men who hopefully won't get pegged, as James Dean did, in the embodiment of teen angst in *Rebel Without a Cause*. But said they transform what "teenage skin," say, say, say? We're ten years and queer! God forbid! To actually chose boys over, and I still say yeah!

—HOLLY KIRK
Phoenix, Ariz.

Tonating Bing

TAKE A SET CHAIR TO Stanley Bing's "Why This Is Sober" (May). Usually, I don't mind a pottedist, and when Edith Thowes the editor should go to a politically correct cause—say, a spastic's seat—at you like the little for dingles right. But it was Mr. Bing's column that warranted the first literary at a long time. Keep your club seats and high beer. Last Friday especially made his tour in those steps (1 full = glass with garnish) a bottle of vermouth on the way down, () when the sunlight shone through

the vermouth bottle into the glass, the mirror to complete. Then I think didn't spoils gone to impress.

—PAUL GRAMMIE
Tampa, Fla.

I AGREE WITH STANLEY KING. AMERICA IS BECOMING less serious losing these sense of humor. But for those of us it is not only our health we are preserving when we sit down. It's our lives. For some of us, dental spells disease. So Mr. Bing, pop the cork and chill the anisette. And be thankful you can drink in safety. Some of us can't and know we can't.

—MARK WETTERHORN
Riverside, Minn.

Veritas?

IT'S A SHAME THAT Lynn Darling's "Sleeping With the Enemy" (April) is very much like the positive way you presented the life of Edward gay activist, Steddy DaCosta. And, as the article says of homosexuals, gay men and lesbians are also victims of rape, child abuse, and sexual harassment, and we must begin to address these issues.

—WILL WILLIAMS
Glen Ellyn, Ill.

New York, N.Y.

LHM BARTLING WRITES THAT I WENT TO Legion Francisco and "Sleep with a lot of men." He even slept with men he knew had AIDS. It was a political statement? To stand up to sleep with people with AIDS? Like activists broaden points? When I had sold Lynn Darling was what it was like coming out in the age of AIDS and HIV. She failed to mention that she was gay was safe, that there were friends of mine whom I never knew that I was very scared. Safe sex is about risk or risky sex, not safe or risky people. I personally did not learn this from the mainstream media, which seem to sensationalize and condemn gay sex in the same breath. I think twice now before I let my private go public.

—SUSAN DELL'ORO
Cambridge, Mass.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR SHOULD BE STAMPED WITH YOUR ADDRESS AND DAYTIME PHONE NUMBER. IN THE SOUND AND THE Fury, LETTERS, TYPEWRITTEN, NEW YORK, NY 10016. LETTERS MAY BE EDITED FOR LENGTH AND CLARITY.



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ETERNITY

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

THREE IS, OF COURSE, NO wrong time to love or honor women, and we do so every day. This year, however, has been particularly rewarding. In politics, considering how well men have proven they can run things, we will undoubtedly



and a few more women in Washington. At the moment, women should they could mix it up similarly with mass media, show, film, music, producers. Women also give us to learn any reason to think about everything from management to how to serve than ever since. With all of those women in love, you might wonder that we had no time for a Hailie. Though it was a pleasant surprise.

Some, such as Condoleeza Rice, our erstwhile old flame (bottom, our cover, left, from December 1990). Others, such as my star Queen Latifah, are relatively new passion. But, we are confident, not forever ones. Still others will rule for as long as they'll last in "Women We Love," page 96.

So great was our love of women that year that we could not do it alone, so we called upon friends. GAYLYN TROTTER (bottom, married to a woman we've loved) confided a sleep affinity for another Austin Dallas. BILL CLAIRE adulated a partner for her use, but other women, the Urkel Girls. And Ron Roosky Jr.? Well, we just were sure if what Blaust loves is a woman, although we know he's terrible to look at.

Finally, we must acknowledge three of our own. Women We Love, the Usual Girl (thankfully, *An Disease* ETCETERA), Poetry Editor BETSY KORNBLATT, and Poetry Reviewer MARGARET BUTLER—without whose critical efforts none of this would be possible.

It's one thing to know how we feel about women; but it's far more intriguing to find out how women feel about one another. In her provocative autobiographical essay, "What Women Think of Other Women" (page 91), Contributing Editor ELIZABETH KATE examines how the women's movement has failed to address concerns like strong women for job opportunities, and men. "When I told my women friends I was doing this article, their first reaction was, 'How could you sit there?—as if I were a woman,'" Kate says. Her estimate of women's affairs provided just with a chance to overexpose on conversations they or never heard before. "This is the topic that interests

could never start," she says. Kate is currently at work on a memoir.

While PAUL STANLEY completed his book on Ronald Reagan, The Doctor Has No Copper, he vowed never to keep a president, if ever mentioned, without his audience because Reagan's popularity. Then along came Dan Quayle but with the Vice Presidency, which Reagan, "there was nothing to expose. Though I'm not against picking on," White Stanley pled on page 103, thousands and thousands of newspaper clippings and television transcripts (a lot) he had while contributing to a decade of our Dubious Achievements column. "I'm like a lawyer building a case," he says. Stanley's case (associated with Steve Reichard) is "Airhead Apparent," and appears on page 107. And the verdict? "I could be wrong," he admits. "Maybe Quayle is the smartest human being who ever lived. Maybe he's got an IQ of five like I do."

Stanley's latest project is the "no-cam" *Davy Linsky* (inset, with Ariane Sherin), the CBS production. STEVE REICHARD conducted usually own hundred interviews for the Quayle article. "My greatest interview," he says of this six-penter, "was talking to Marion Anne and Orson Haas." Reichard, a former human rights activist and journalist, says he believes that the Vice-Presidential "discuss want to be in politics. And he's been struggling for years to get back out on the golf course." And who knows? Perhaps *Airhead Apparent*, which the authors are working into a book of the same name, will help Dan Quayle in that struggle.

Concerning former Senator Sam Nunn, returns in the Congress where he'd been a participant of war twenty-one years ago and says he was struck by how little it had changed ("Caveat to Cambodia," page 107). The country was still physically and emotionally scarred by the Vietnam War (which Austin had covered as a correspondent for TIME), and the Khmer Rouge and Pol Pot were very much a part of daily life. "We're as if Germany after the holocaust had led the Nazis back into the government," Austin says. "It's surreal."

The movement demands of rock 'n' roll has been both the hope and despair of every young person since Elvis. In "Rock on the Left and Death and Deindustrial Fantasy of Rock 'n' Roll" (page 95), eminent music critic Gary Marcus explores why rock culture is so obsessed with the death itself. Marcus, author of *Empire Trunk, Mystery Tree, Dead Fleas, and the Intoxicating Powers of Good Places*, as well as a monthly music columnist for *Newsweek* and *Entertainment Weekly*, provides stats with a chance to overexpose on conversations they or never heard before. "This is the topic that interests



Elizabeth Kornblatt

Photo: Paul Shambroom

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Steve Reichard



Marion Anne and Orson Haas

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MAN AT HIS BEST

EDITED BY ANITA LECLERC



ABOVE: A MUSICAL GROUP. Bangkok and Dudley, the drummer

From Bourbon Street to Margaritaville

AT THE REAT LEAST, Evangelists, or "big gaff" Cajun bands from New Orleans, are guaranteed to play to a miffed people by the end of the summer—a gig that was booked before they even finished their dates would

justify a refund. Jimmy Buffet, near-duty to the legion of his lessons in Pernodicsation of the Deadheads, with NME. Having issued the better part of two decades Buffet, now forty-five, was looking in like a break. And that's how Deadheads get them. Buffet, the guy who signs their paychecks. ■

The good news is all thanks to

Jimmy's been playing "Margaritaville" without a break since 1977. "I don't want to be forced to do the same thing forever. Plus Jimmy's been playing "Margaritaville" for twenty years now." But that's not a knock. Because more than being a living example of how to avoid the hot example of cold summer syndrome, Buffet's the guy who

wants to Evangelize. Buffet signed

Shoot to Drown

ATTENTION, ALL YOU dog-day visitors. The Laser Super Soaker has put all other water guns unapologetically to shame. It shoots up to fifty feet with multiple nozzle settings for regular spray, hyper-jet, and super spray. It has two giant water pools that hold a liter each. And note the pertinent advice on the barrel. FOR BEST PERFORMANCE PUMP RAPIDLY BETWEEN SHOTS. Remember, though, some people don't have a sense of humor.

the barrel to his new label Margaritaville, gave them the opening slot on his May tour and seconded that album at his studio in Key West.

"It's been a helluva good run," Buffet shrugs, "and I don't want to have it end. One more summer I'd do it. I hope the year I take off people will go out and see the Deadheads."

After a decade of playing an average Bourbon Street club, Deadheads shouldn't have any trouble warming up the Deadheads that are concerned about being known only as a cult breed.

"It will be kinda cool," says keyboardist Bob McRae, "but I don't want to be forced to do the same thing forever. Plus Jimmy's been playing "Margaritaville" for twenty years now." "But that's not a knock. Because more than being a living example of how to avoid the hot example of cold summer syndrome, Buffet's the guy who



MEDIA

A Page-One Life

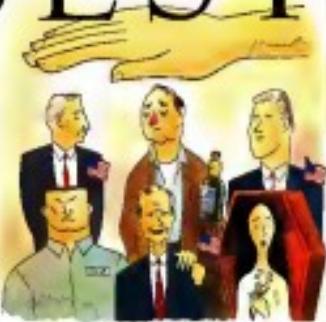
Possibly the most amazing thing that can be said of Richard Harding Davis is that virtually no one remembers the man. The lowdown, as revealed by Arthur Lubow in *The Reporter Who Would Be King* (Charles Scribner's Sons), goes: Davis, the most-well-known newspaperman on earth at the turn of the century, at the nexus of every major world event, no man's how could it apostrophe, always dressed in the most He was a big, fat, balding, portly, and a wildy adventurous fog, reverred by young Monarchs, Dames, and Havesgways, on last as much for his household grace as for the rotund figure he cut. The Johnnies Frost, T. B.'s charge up Ben from Hill the Beer Wiz—he covered it all, writing wild stories that puffed

the New Journalism by about seventy years and caused many a college boy to pine for the dashing life of a foreign correspondent. By World War I, however, the globe-trotting had taken its toll. Temporarily represented by the French legation at the front without official permission, he was reduced to

scrounging. "Am I Richard Harding Davis?" No one knew beyond his name and was abruptly forgotten. Hollywood producers will almost certainly want to make a movie of Davis's wild but giddily life. That was with a John Williams soundtrack, a few hot babes, and a very happy ending. ■



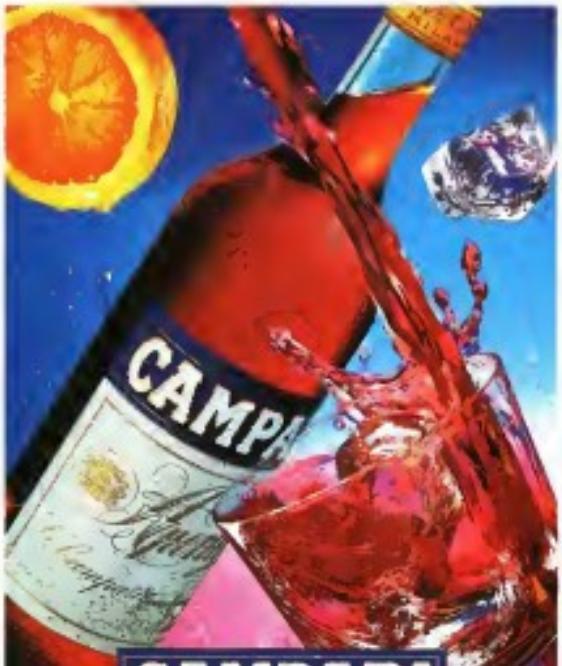
HE WHO THERE'S
Richard Harding Davis



The New Left

DISPOSITION, it appears, knows no bounds. You add to the lengthy list of otherwise appreved left-handers especially prone to skidmarks, brain damage, constipation, bed-wetting, and juvenile delinquency. And they tend to get killed off in shocking numbers, clumsy no-nos of a world built exclusively for righties. There's more. In his latest book, *The Left-Hander Syndrome: Condition "oddish"*, authority Stanley Coren, the man behind the latest in vulgar pseudoscience myth, left-handers are the butt of humiliations and bad language. ■

Turns out the coming fall election is a fine time to push a *New Left agenda*. Bill Clinton, George Bush and Al Gore are all lefties, according to *The New York Times*, meaning that any decent outcome will constitute a clear mandate for massive action to right the wrongs but deadly form of prejudice. Otherwise prepare for the accidentally so pure nice. ■



CAMPARI

THE APERITIF

In Europe, there is an important dining tradition starting the meal with an aperitif. The best known and best loved aperitif in the world is CAMPARI, which began it all in Italy in 1860. Campari - a unique blend of herbs, spices and berries - has a distinctive taste which perfectly balances bitter and sweet. It appeals to all the senses from its intriguingly complex taste.

its beautiful ruby-red color, Campari cleanses and refreshes the palate, enhancing the flavor of food and wine that follow light and flavorful. Campari is the perfect choice to enhance any social or business occasion: simply with a splash of soda with orange juice, or on the rocks with a slice of orange, and celebrate "the Spirit of Italy."

MAN AT HIS BEST

JOHN MARIANI Eat and Run

Where to Drop a Few Pounds

LEAVE ME OUT of the chase. Since my last report on London, that grand city's restaurant scene seems to have come to a standstill as exciting as any other world capital, despite a crippling recession and a dollar exchange rate that could make you dash for the nearest Wimpy's. So, if you can afford it, here are the new restaurants you won't want to miss this summer.

Early the most beautiful new restaurant in the city is **The Dining Room**, at the new Lansdowne Hotel (Hyde Park Corner SW3), off Regent's.

By preserving the regal

grandeur of what was once St

George's Hospital,

this small hotel provides a spa area for the grand hotel

experience, created by

chef Paul Cheshire, who puts the great English ingredients to glorious effect in delicate fish soups

and salads, meat with

flavored fruits and

veggies, and pastries with

fruits and cream.

For a more modest

experience, the

new **Dolcezza**

(30 Duke Street W1, tel 01 580 1454)

is already the

hottest spot in Soho. Even

after the dinner, the place

is packed with a young

crowd that comes in search



New London: *Le Petit de la Tour*, in the shadow of the majestic Tower Bridge. Dolcezza, left, burns bright in Soho

knocked off the New York meat house with real fire-roasted ribeyes, English beef and prime Dover sole, along with some admirably rendered Maryland crab soups and Key lime pie.

Two years ago Sir Terence Conran gave Studio Kensington the commanding Dibdenian, and now he has gone further with *Le Petit de la Tour* (30 Old Shall Thomas SW1, tel 01 580 1454), a morning restaurant on the other side of the Thames, next to the impressive Design houses. The suggestion was the perfect line of the shiny dining rooms and supply delicatessen dishes we poached with creamed leeks and lemons oil or cream and sautéed soup here made thin on the immediate destination restaurants. □

The surprise hit of the summer is **Christopher's** (35 Wellington Street WC2, tel 01 580 2121), a three-level restaurant in what was once a Victorian sporting club. The place has rustic elegance, from the grand dining room decorations to the remedied flour pallazzo flour upstairs. Christopher Colclough has

asophisticated a provincial

choice in the room, but the real draw is the absolutely delicious

updated British classics like

smoked mackerel, lacrosse hole

cheese sandwiches, too, galan-

frized cod with "steak" pâté,

bacon bangers (bacon, chutney

and mustard), and the famous

baud pudding. Two over-tarts

from four months old,

Dolcezza (30 Duke Street W1, tel 01 580 1454)

is already the

hottest spot in Soho. Even

after the dinner, the place

is packed with a young

crowd that comes in search

of the gorgonzola soups

and Key lime pie.

Two years ago Sir Terence

Conran gave Studio Kensington

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with creamed leeks and

lemon oil or cream and sautéed

soup here made thin on the

immediate destination restaurants. □

Two Stars and Counting

ONCE TO BE NEAR OXFORD, now that summer's here. Not in Oxford, now an inner-city town, but eight miles away in Great Missenden at *Le Manoir aux Quat'Saisons* (tel 0844-386886), a sumptuous manor house on twenty-four acres of green hills and flourishing gardens. New England's best chef Raymond Blanc (from Michelin stars) is creating exquisitely presented food like scallops in a sole crust with fennel, tarragon, and soft lemon jelly, and espresso coffee served in a cup molded of Vichyona chocolate. Dining here is as romantic as staying in one of the gorgous rooms



A la fin des *Le Manoir aux Quat'Saisons*



GIORGIO ARMANI
LE COLLEZIONI

Life-of-the-Party Shirt

CONSIDER THE needs of a man like Howie Mandel. Seriously. How is one to make an impression after more than a decade of convincing people with what is thought to be, among connoisseurs of shlock, perhaps the *me plus ultra* of party jokes? We refer, of course, to the inflated-surgical-glove-on-your-head routine "I'm not allowed to do that anymore, medically," Mandel says with some sadness. "I burst a sinus." So what's a world-class party master to do? Well, get behind the cameras, for one thing—Mandel directs (and stars in) *House Spent One Summer* for Showtime this summer, get in front of it, for another—his own variety show, *House*, on CBS. Or wear one—in this case, Paul Shaffer's I-am-a-camera shirt. Let it never be said that the old glove man is camera shy.

SMILE!! The colored cartoon Paul Smith's cartoon shirt (1975) are from the designer's own collection.



第四章 教育政策与制度

Buick Skylark.
Right from the start,
it stops the imports.



A costly option on most imports,
anti-lock brakes are standard on Skylane.

You can't put a price on safety. Which is why anti-lock brakes, one of today's

On most imports in Skjelset's class, you'd have to pay around \$1,000 extra for an anti-lock brake system.

and Skylane comes with GM's advanced ABS VI, the safety feature Automobile Magazine named 1992's Technology of the Year.

Anti-Lock Brakes	Cost	M.S.R.P. ^a
Skylark	Standard	No cost
Accord LX	Not available	—
Corvette LT	Optional	\$1,130
Sierra XL	Optional	\$1,395
Mustang GT	Optional	\$1,130

most important automotive safety features, are standard equipment on every 1992 Skylark.



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ROBERT TALBOTT

Photo: Arnold Luria; from *Portrait of a Young Girl*, 1964, by the U.S. Camera, Japan, 1964, 1965.
Robert Talbott, 1965, and Christiane Talbott, about 1968. © Corbis/VCG Getty Images 2012. All rights reserved.

M A N A T H I S B S T

PHIL PATTON Design

At the Palace Gates

MR. MICROSOFT BUILDS HIS DREAM HOUSE



YET, THAT'S THE place, the place does have plenty of windows, that you can look out more about future Microsoft programs, about Windows NT or DOS update or windows controllers, does you can feel about the reported \$17 million endowment, that Microsoft chairman Bill Gates is throwing up on the shore of Lake Washington, east of Seattle. The reason, isn't he's got a while, but already Palace Gates is the most talked-about residence since William Randolph Hearst's San Simeon, Calif., estate built in. He's been around to privacy, too.

What has slipped out is that Gates' Xanadu includes a movie theater, a meeting room, and a spacious garage—large enough to hold a helicopter—over two houses the Pinocchio and Leavenworth in which Gates is working to exceed the speed limit. With swimming pool and sauna, sunroom, beach and dock, it's the closest thing in years to a robber baron's mansion.

Architect Jim Cauder, who

along with Peter Hobbs, designed the house, is flying to talk about the place, but he has to get permission from the workers who build the structure, who he knows will destroy it. November, Cauder will say before he's been told not to say that the house is "like nothing you've ever seen." His magnificence, he says, a part Fremont, plus Italian, Venetian, and past New York (the Italian architects of students and lawyers). The interpretation, however, is gate Northwest. Tom Fisher, Gates Northern Head, updated

"This juxtaposition of different materials to display passage of time," Cauder says. In his earlier work, Cauder, who studied with Louis Kahn, the champion of rooms wrapped around buildings, juxtaposed contrasting materials such as wood and stone such as we understand it is chronologically expressive because "through decay different materials show the effects of time differently."

What the guy sees from across the lake is simply a series of patchwork "post-and-beam" The bulk of the house is underground, dug back into the slope, the other ends half way down, like a modern-day castle, like NORAD headquarters, in an eco-responsible venture. Gates's favorite term of disappearance is iron, and very little about his house has been left to chance. Castiel plausibility, from the spartan purchase of the land in 1976, rather environmental impact and another potentially impacted neighbors. So that no one gets to die, the house will use old lumber milled at an old sawmill Gates had reopened. Plans call for the use to be referred after construction is complete.

But that is easier than a house, it's "a delivery system for visual information." A feedback mechanism so users have greater control with respect to high tech such as video, thanks to Gates's



other company. It was not just to decorate the walls of the house that Gates founded interactive Home systems, which has bought up electronic-television rights to more than one hundred thousand works of art, from master to minor pieces. Bill's first documentation project opened not long ago at the Seattle Art Museum, where visitors can punch up Pictures and download Drawings. The plan for the house call for a more sophisticated version of the same system to let us imagine our well being European high-definition television network—if only some will figure out how to build them. (That is a reference here's place, actually the hardware lag behind.)

With the planned system, triggered by a transmitter in your pocket, Gigereland can follow you from room to room and room to room. Or it will flip through your collection of paintings—of course Monday you're Matisse, till are We are reminded of the story of Bertrand Russell's carefully preparing a stack of color reproductions of paintings he hoped to sell on a wealthy American client. "Wonderful," the buyer replied. "We'll take them all—and goldfish the rest."

Gates's interests tend to make people

GUESS
MEN

PHOTOGRAPHY

All Artificial Ingredients

the new mansion by saying it will never be a McDonald's outlet ever again. Since Gates leaves his office early to sleep, and that rarely enough, the project amounts not just to bringing work home, but bringing the company home. Gates is allegedly staying at the executives' favorite—out-of-the-way—McDonald's model site in outbuilding to supervise the completion of McDonald's. The question is whether, once it's finished, Bill ever leaves the office again or rather disappears into his own private life. Howard Hughes, a kind of real-world equivalent of the computer genius, avoided social life; Gates, an insatiable application fiend.

DEMOGRAPHICS



But Will It
Play in Peoria?

TULSA, Oklahoma, U.S.A., is the red-hot center of marketing. So says Doreenly Marketing Information Services, which has declared the place the most ordinary spot between the coast, ending a glorious saga by Flora. Donaldley is at the outfit that figures out where the most typical people live so they can be the guinea pig for the new帝王蛾 (帝王蛾) Lacy Talc, May or Badger Randle, now by some calculations the most ordinary person in the country, a surprise about the name of course. "Oh, well," says

I'd have to go to think of David Lynch when you look at Gregory Crewdson's photo. The images of suburbia he has carefully constructed play suburban brookly against the best use of nature to produce what Crewdson calls "a sort of quiet mystery and drama." They remind you of a photo-montage by a collagist like Lynch observer "the student on the Dodge One."

Crewdson—who will have a show this month at the Bowles Gallery in New York and who got his first big exposure at MoMA's *Photographs and Stories of Domestic Comfort*—uses white picket fences, like Lynch. Their palings loom up from the bottom of one shot like umbrellas. Crewdson's scenes are so beautiful you automatically look for something ominous in them, so you look for artifice.

But Crewdson is also like Audubon, who carefully painted birds he had shot in hunting parties in front of plain, light-colored paper, rather than red, or Elmer Eames, who likes his houseplants up close a puzzle. From the *Beauty Company* on the Rockaway, New York, Crewdson creates surreal specimens to amaze people who look and gaze with rapt, quizzical looks in the background. "Perfectly artificial nature," he calls the resulting tableau, which suggest the dreamy aftermath of a child's birthday and a child's bright perspective. The process seems to be taken from the windowill.

It no wonder that the original impetus for Crewd-

UNREAL ROTATION: Gregory Crewdson's suburbs is not natural turf

son's work is to be found in childhood trips to the dioramas in New York's Museum of Natural History, where lions and leopards stand amid red grass in front of painted savannahs. But he turns the function of the diorama around. While it documents the wild, Crewdson strives "to make the domestic unfamiliar and mysterious." In his words, "Jump over from the natural world scenes against the enclosed, faceted end of domestic life." Crewdson uses the microscopic lens to magnify the dream that the microscopic human can go in front of the domestic cap by appearing. To repeat dubiously, lower-case eyelid.

Crewdson has himself in

part of a larger movement. Photography has always fluctuated between two poles, different ways of dealing with the out-

IS SCREAMING DOWN MOUNTAINS
AND SCRAMBLING OVER BOULDERS
AND PLUNGING INTO RIVERS AND
RAZING DOWN SCREE AND JUMPING
OFF CLIFFS IN AIR REVADERUH. ONE
DOOR CROSS-TRAINING SHOES THE
WAY TO STAY SANE.



WILD



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M A N

KURT LODER

Hey Babe

JULIANNE HATHAWAY (Marie-
mark) Low self-esteem
beats such a ubiquitous
affliction—particularly
among women in some
cases seems—you might wonder
why more female songwriters
don't saddle the subject head on.
Because it's painful, of course—
and because it's hardly the sex
billy Party from which perfect
little pop songs are commonly
cradled. Hufnagel—a singer, song-
writer, and bassist with the Boston
band Stake Fabrice—manages
the difficult walk of song
elegantly, lashing pop tunes to
dull forthrightness with feelings of
personal worthlessness and the
dreaded economic behavior they so
often engender. Her measured
stance is stand in one of the album's
most stirring tracks. "I'm
safely, with a capital *safely*. I
don't need a car or a place to live,
I don't need a house to eat at,
I'm pretty lost, but I
don't want to be found. My
parents don't make a sound."



Julianne Hufnagel: Flinging herself for fun and profit

And "Terror Baby," her
knowing ode to independence,
is likely to my some familiar
chances for a ho-hum female lament,
too: "He falls down drunk, I
hold him up like a dummy and I
refill his cup." I know he
might go off with anyone else if
he knew he'd only try to lose
some face. He's just a couple
days in mistake here; it's not
very hard to please."

Hufnagel would appear to
have a growing argument with
Joni Mitchell's work, and her
relatively unpolished show
changes together with her high,
unworn voice, might be too pop in
pace for rock, were they not con-
founded in the wistful, yearning pro-
duction toward which so many
college students haulted gravitate
these days. A wise cover move,
no doubt—but Hufnagel might re-
main in better service by a more
calculated commercial produc-
tion. Messages that need to be put
for shiny.

Generation Terrorists

MADONNA STREET FIGHTERS (Columbia) When a new art comes crashing across the pond hyped as "the most necessary band in Britain," you could be forgiven for figuring a) the songs about a lot about not-entirely-warmer political shit and b) if they're played with such enthusiasm and brain-numbing volume that the rampant political bluster conveys only a minor emergency. *Madon Street Fighters* do indeed exude its predictable on-the-rich fulminations, with titles like "Shak n' Burn" and "Democracy Come," and have the "cheated in economy now Janine has been" suggest a tone untempered in rhetorical eloquence. And no doubt some post-left research student will soon point out to these kids that the GLN in fact fields no enemies of its own and that Madonna is (almost) sheltered for Pepsi, not Coke. On the other hand, not since the Clash, back in the late '80s, has rock sounded this roused up and mean—which has always been its most subversive political effect, anyway.



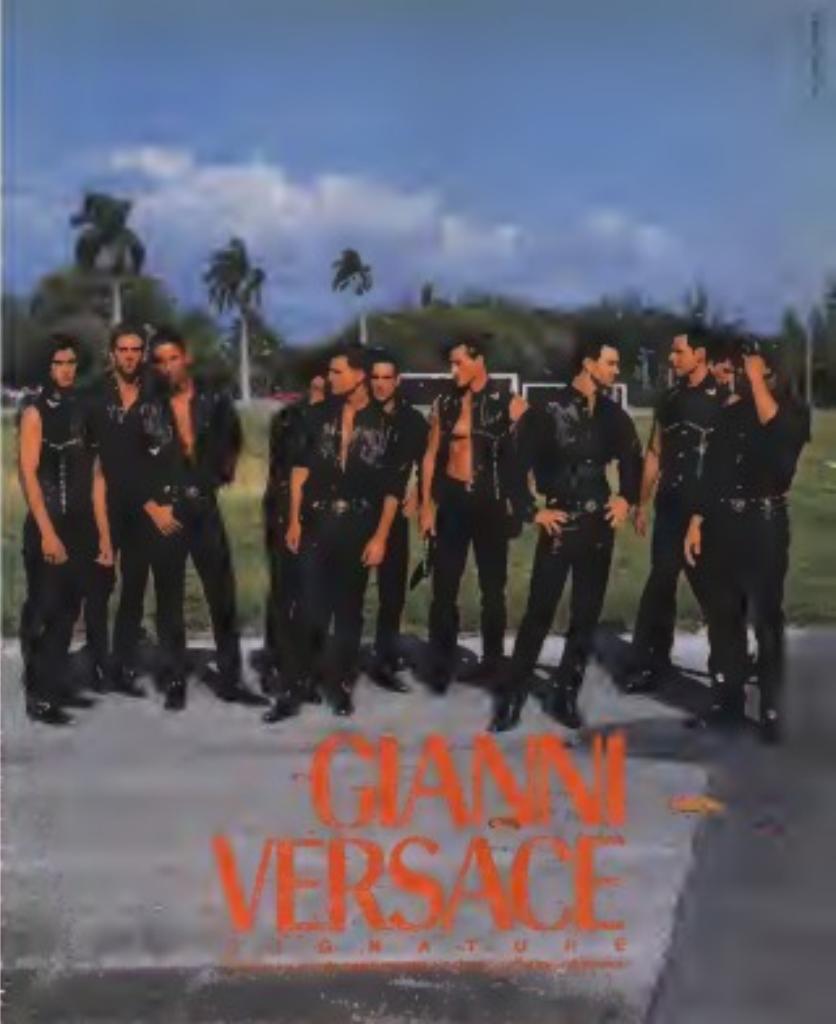
Madonna Street Fighters: Party in punk

B E S T

Off the Charts

The Scepter Records Story Sampler

VIA THE late '60s, the independent Scepter label launched the national career of the Shirelles, one of the most accomplished girl groups of the period. A few of their hits are included on this odd little CD—"Big John," "Boys," the epochal "Dedicated to the One I Love"—but the real finds are much more elusive rarities as Maxine Brown's great "All in My Mind," Chuck Jackson's equally fabulous "Any Day Now" and "Society Man's" depressive classic, "Human." Not so numerous—from isolated, vinyl-only time tested party fodder as the Kingmen's version of "Loco Loco" and the Isley Brothers' annual "Twist and Shout." Worth packing up if you're feeling that's it.



GIANNI VERSACE
SIGNATURE

THE ENLIGHTENED TRAVELER

People in Glass Houses

BEING IN A small, fully self-contained environment. Well, it turns out that, so far life is not possible in a small, fully self-contained environment. The Biospherians create their own life. So officials gradually relaxed, had to admit the air was pumped out, certain demands were modified, and food was served meals, and more. But the experiments, as the Biospherians worked through their first dozen months, have proceeded as planned.

De Soto is to complete his second year at Biosphere 2, already one of America's larger institutions, as a biogeochemical systems engineer. A bit of intense undergraduate biology will speak to future geo-



systems of life environmental engineers the same way that one who abandoned IBM employment now at North Dakota State must sometimes re-invent himself and fluoresce with unfamiliar configurations. Thus, a few answers to your many pressing questions about Biosphere 2 follow your pilgrimage.

What's the metabolism like? Not bad. Biospherian to date has been disappointing less of everyone's initial fears and T-shirts in pink striped color shirts. The four girls chosen from the ground have the sand today from and lava mostly—plus the impurest potassium chloride—but there is also some fine grit with the biospherian Biospherian 2 in aqua. Also full of peachy skin gingers, several weeds to test seeds, books, videos, language studies, barbers, holden, and pink pegs with small T-shirts.



Do they answer the questions I want to know, like Do they get blue hair, and What do they do about birth control and so forth, since everything must be reproducible? So.

So what's all work that stuff? The official line is that who has no work whom is their business

firewood down the rear end! For adults to eat, sleep less than a day or Disney (the Biospherians take less time to sleep) and less expensive than, say, the big 10 per pop for a quick, wild around Guatemala. You can also eat in the restaurant at stay in the hotel.

What is the highlight of the Biospherian tour?

Definitely. Meet the Biospherians. Using space-age laser CD technology, the database who recorded responses to nearly hundred often asked questions about the project before they were asked in, will answer questions written down in advance. A smooth talking virgin will ask your questions and, with lots of endearing details, causes one Biospherian after another to appear and talk directly to you about his hopes and dreams for a cleaner earth.

Do they answer the questions I want to know, like Do they get blue hair, and What do they do about birth control and so forth, since everything must be reproducible? So.

So what's all work that stuff? The official line is that who has no work whom is their business



that no birth control is not allowed. Fascinatingly, the female Biospherians must use ice sprays instead of tampons.

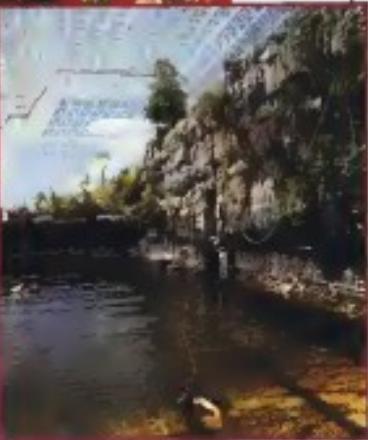
On the tour, did you see the Biospherian do fun experiments? I'd especially like information using the doctor role looks like Patrick Stewart from Star Trek: The Next Generation. No, look. All we saw was ice bath that was caught inside by accident. We saw some media gear belonging to Al Gore, the cool female Biospherian, but the was something as he was. There are, however, boats and gear carts featuring the Biospherians in their red Tricorder-like outlets.

I heard that the Biospherians use their after their finger tip and the skin imagined as supplier when

the obtained. How do we know they're not making out all the time? We don't. There are a number of safety doors around the perimeter and it would be pretty silly for a Biospherian to step out for a smoke or nap down in Tucson for a cheeseburger.

It seems absurd to spend the kind of money on a guest attraction. That may be true other grounds.

Right you are. The price for the project is a pay named John Allen, a construction bid that includes all to build and item columns of highly involving new age projects. Also, Biospherian Mark Bell as writer. "The money was in fact a five million-plus long, says. We made of time in a course of tens of billions of years of time, but humanity could coexist with



the universe with the proper spiritual of biospherian and does achieve course monetary." If the Biospherian doesn't. By however, there's a place in the world to build "an and standard, as well as documentation used on the Arizona property.

And there's
A prof course.

—MICHAEL HARRIS



HOUSE HUNTING

A Farmhouse in France



FRENCH QUARTERS. It's buyer's market—just stay clear of the hot spots and head for the relative obscurity of Toulouse.

THE PLACE: The Midi-Pyrénées, Toulouse, and environs: cultural and economic crossroads of the South, with some of the country's richest produce, including truffles, sausages, and Roquefort. In Toulouse, you can buy an hour's drive from the Mediterranean. The Atlantic resort of Biarritz is four hours by road, with a new highway opening. The backdrop of the Pyrenees rises nearly 100 thousand feet; the old season is longer than in the Alps.

DO BOOTS COME CHEAP? Until the fall of the Berlin Wall, Paris seemed safe to be the capital of the blossoming EC. Few are willing to put money on it these days. The rise of Berlin, the Gulf war, and the worldwide recession have sent real estate into a tailspin in Paris, causing "ordinary properties" to lose a grand 10 percent of their value in the last eighteen months, making it a buyer's market for the first time in modern memory. The price cut—though, as always, the capital's example—threw such a similar drop

that, compared with other European hot spots, And while the speculative bubble may have burst, prices will never be what they were ten years ago. Even in the best-known, it can take well over two years to break even, and to put powerful gains something missing.

So, hand the relative obscurity, to areas where the market never picked up in the first place. Two hours west of Montpellier, in the Languedoc, you can pick up a little coastal villa for expenses, out of Massillols, at Capestang.

THE LISTING

République-Commerce, whose former houses its offices, half an hour from the Toulouse airport. Address: 10001, rue de la République, 31000 Toulouse, France. Tel: 33-5-61-30-00-00. Email: info@republique-commerce.com. Web site: www.republique-commerce.com.

WHAT'S THE CATCH? First, France's MICE, parts of Normandy—they're still expensive. The plus side of the story was partly due to the fact that French real estate was underpriced;

the length of the warranty—or no liability or guarantee—in a day.

WEIRD MARKET: France is a bad short-term bet. Even in Bush terms, it will take five years just to recoup capital values plus taxes so the in property closing costs, the sales fees and capital-gains taxes, which for a vacation house can be 15 percent. Also, leases of investors, whether to buy or sell, generally favor the seller—you can easily lose a 10 percent down payment if you're not careful. Use an agent.

PLAY THE MARKET: Nobody wants to lend against property abroad. Avoid the 14 percent French rate. Take out a tax-deductible home equity loan in the U.S., get your dollars in France, convert to francs, and pay cash.

THE PASTURE: A gradual housing bust in the next year, followed by a slow rise along roads, or past ahead of inflation. Many expect the franc to weaken as well in the next year. The weaker the better, of course. —Will Bostrom

GUCCI



There's nothing as
perfect as an iced cold
"T&T."

THE RAW AND THE COOKED: JIM HARRISON

Walking the San Pedro

I AM at one with my sentimentality, I thought, walking a long way along the San Pedro River straight into an oncoming thunder-storm, a gift of El Niño, out of the Pacific, crossing Baja and Sonora, and heading straight at me, of all people. Only a sentimental can think a storm is, perhaps, poking him out, son of like Lord Byron giving instructions to the deep and dark blue ocean, also that he be buried with his beloved dog.

The Nature Conservancy is trying to save key areas of the 140-mile-long San Pedro River, the astonishing richness of its riparian habitat in a state, Arizona, where most of such habitats have been lost for the usual reasons (it wasn't the Navajo, guess again). The watershed itself contains more than four hundred bird species, of which, on a good day, I might identify a dozen without my not-very-big-eared bird book. For sentimental reasons I don't like to lug books into the wild, and on this day for equally sentimental reasons, I was looking for the gray hawk, of which only fifty-five pairs still exist in the United States. That's not very many, say about the average class size of a big 'Ten University, but definitely of a higher quality, though nature can't be graded on a curve.

Jack Turner, the famed mountainman and Himalayan guide, gave me the "I am at one with my sentimentality" idea for a T-shirt while we were speaking of the narrow and endemic disease of "nature as pure fun." There had been a lovely photo in an outdoor magazine of a whooping crane up in the Canyonlands but mated with a grackle, no doubt gribed in spandex, leaping across the top. Certain sports, say mountainclimbing and rock-climbing, cycling, and trout



A sentimental
journey with
an elusive
gray hawk,
some good
scungilli, and
a little bull

listening to my Pepper tape in the gathering storm, the view to the southwest showing that peculiar dense gray of a choke dusty blackboard. There's never anything behind a blackboard, just more blackboard, or so I thought back in school, where I never wanted to be anything else but elsewhere.

There was only one other car in the Nature Conservancy parking lot, containing an elderly couple who were eager to advise me to stay put, that a storm was coming. We chatted about birds, then they recommended an "all you want to eat" cafeteria way up in Tucson. I wasn't all that hungry, and they must have

fishing have reached a state of exhaustion via equipment and technique, pointfully sententious. Stoked dry pan and simple (Cooking is in the same danger) It is some consolation that Reinhold Messner has soloed every peak over twenty-six thousand feet and without carrying oxygen. Now the sport is something like trying to be a poet in Ireland while Torts was still killing sheep.

While fishing the Gila-gila flats (wild turkey) with Turner, I had tried to dislodge, nudge away the pain of disowning the recent death of my favorite living musician, Jim Pepper, a Native jazz singer and saxophonist of fatal simplicity and grace. "Wet-sparce" feelings running around my head, makes me feel glad that I'm not dead," Pepper sang.

After Turner left to camp three weeks alone up in the remote Baseline country (after Tucson you're not concerned with snow and cold), I drove over to the San Pedro,

thought me a likely candidate for a cheap, simple meal. I thanked them and promised to try the place, making a mental note to check on the eating habits of the elderly Yakuza again. First I had watched Englishmen, the diamond merchant, rising leathery and bearded, starting back. And then, there was Turnovsky, the revered Prince of Gourmands, who had virtually collapsed at the thought. I decide this to be less year A. I. Ludwig even had gone to his carboles. If one were to do a pollute on such a grand and ancient topic, the magazine should send one to France or, better yet, Italy, given distance, since the classical health and restaurants are full of old folks trying to spend the money their bones would blow an ebony spouting geyser.

I headed into a path along the Sea of Oro, at a point beyond my normal capacity, wanting to go at least five miles from the nearest human sign. My thoughts were stuck in the memory of a group of old Indians who are never seen a week at the Prince Raphael house in Tucson when I worked there as a busboy at maitreys or running in between shifts in New York. I was real hungry when I applied for the job, having been fired and not paid after two days at a car wash for reasons of general insensitivity. At Prince I quoted some emaciated Ugandans to the manager in an attempt to establish myself in friendly to Indians. The manager had long spindly fingers of Julian LaRosa and Jerry Vale above his desk, and I said that my mother learned to Asturian Godfrey every day so I was familiar with the splendid Lullaby. That wretched bairn then the Ugandan quipped, which were full of the poetic self-harmless control (Julius Zane) Kevor ("Have I digested heart and mind to fill into the sever of words?") The manager nodded me down to the basement kitchen, having observed that my trembling was due to actual hunger. I remember that on the stairs he passed to ask about my interests, and that I had answered from falafel, the French symbology, and the manner-of-expressions methods of James Joyce and Djuna Barnes. "Trust you can eat," he said.

Chefca, the chef cook, served me chicken cacciatore and food napkins, neither of which I had ever had before, plus potato and what must have been a twenty-ounce glass of red, which made me drowsy. I slept four hours in a broken sleep and then went on the evening shift. During the months I worked there, the cooks remained

say friendly, no doubt because I was a goofy, fern boy who would bring in Paul's Coors so they could help out with the passage in Indian. The cooks snuck as Raoul's Thais but were faithful in trapping me in corners of fallen food in shadowed, smoggy, mope, the memory for voluminous, enormous, of wine and garlic. They took me to a belly dancing place where I saw a very young Helene Kallikatos perform a set that announced her twenty-five years later that night we all got quite drunk and slept at the moment and belly beauty.

I was close enough to smell his gassy grass breath and hot, rain-soaked pelt steaming in the mesquite glade, the soul of "otherness."

Now, on many years later, walking the Sea of Oro, I had become many over the past, Jim Pepper and the number of royalties. Bycatchers there were flings in the shadow, one of the brighter colors in all careers, and the way the birds could hold shapes mysterious to the gathering wind. Then I was brought to certain peace by a massive morning roar and a rumbling howl. Shaking the dense checker with the birds was no nonsense, noisy bull bawling under and making a non-verbal message pass into the earth, which seemed bludgeoned, but predators waiting, moving in the word game I never had to be part. Screamers, which were irrelevant, and she who shouldn't be here. So he was I, wined my wolfing mugful and began singing his round again but then because selected by old bone of the Powers another "Gnawing Tambourine" and went back to found Oceania.

The trouble was that I was still here again two hours later at a driving restaurant, having followed the light but red dragon by power. That time I was close enough to smell her, green grass breath, the green flames and the hot, rain-soaked pelt again in the mesquite glade, the soul of "otherness." In the meantime, driven by my heart and what I had come to see this afternoon as a mind profoundly muddled by magicians, I had fallen into a marshmallow swoop. I had plopped along at a cemetery pass until my clothes were soaked with sweat and then had seen my single-leaf gray hawk in a sunburst top. I plumped my self down in watch him (or her), and my

HOT TIP: Avoid radicchio and the Cape Town of polices and send your money to the Nature Conservancy—Arizona Chapter, 300 East University Boulevard, Suite 400, Tucson, Arizona 85701.

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COFFIN CORNER: PETER MAAS

Harvey Myerson's Best Defense

VER IN FEDERAL COURT IN Brooklyn recently, I couldn't keep my eyes off the toupee of a lawyer named Harvey D. Myerson. Back when Myerson was still a balding practitioner, he took a few days off from the law firm he was with and returned featuring a full head of curly locks. "Gee, Harvey," a junior partner asked, "where'd you get the toupee?"

"It's not a toupee. It's real hair."

"My God, how'd you do it?"

"The doctor in Switzerland." The partner swallowed hard. His own hairline was retreating rapidly. Could Myerson put him in touch with the doctor? Myerson shot him a scowl and glances Forget it. The doctor was way out of his financial reach.

After a year or so, the partners approached Myerson again. He had been working extra hard, and with his beard and saving every spare cent and everything, he was sure he could finally afford this hair-restoring magooze. Myerson shook his head sorrowfully. "It's tragic," he said. "He passed away three months ago."

It was powers of persuasion like that, I suppose, that prompted *Newsweek* magazine to place Myerson among the five top lawyers in the country. In one of his more famous cases, after being picked personally by Donald Trump, he won the United States Football League's antitrust suit against the NFL, although you might say it was a lode on the hollow side—a dollar judgment, which with triple damages came to three bucks, and shortly thereafter the USFL went belly-up. On the other hand, he did all right for himself. He got a \$5 million fee for his legal labor.

I was in the Brooklyn courtroom because old Harvey now

had a new disquisition. He had become the nation's first lawyer to be charged with, among other items, running his law firm as a racketeering enterprise.

I was there on behalf of all of us, especially since Harvey had elected to represent himself. If he beat the rap, we'd all know which lawyer to retain were any of us ever in involved felonious circumstances.

Actually, Harvey faced three separate indictments. One was a score so simple-minded that I could have thought of it myself. Allegedly, over a period of years as a partner in two different firms, he had hired "local counsel," that is to say, an outside attorney. In an instance cited by the government, the local counsel sent in a bill for mileage. Harvey's firm dutifully sent back a check and then billed the client. The problem was that the outside counsel next marked a check for the same amount to Harvey, who deposited it in his personal account. There were other problems. The outside counsel was Harvey's brother-in-law. And he wasn't even a lawyer. He was a bona fide dabbler.

A second indictment involved Harvey's art collection, which included a Louis XIV sofa, a De Kooning, a Chagall, and a Miro. According to the government, Harvey put up these works as collateral for a personal bank loan. The bank then filed a lien on the pledged art. Now, an art-gallery owner who had seen the collection told Harvey that he could sell the paintings for a bundle, and right away Harvey told him to go ahead. The trouble here was that Harvey also forged releases of the bank's lien to show that he owned the art fine and clear.

But it was the third indictment—the investigation of which had led to the other two charges, and the one Harvey had chosen to defend first—that was



on the federal trial cluster in Brooklyn. In this case, a new firm Harvey had founded, Myerson & Kuhn (as in ex-Senator-cum-cancer-baiter Kurtz), was accused of bypassing state and Federal regulations of several classes, the principal victims being, to the tune of about \$1 million, the brokerage house of Bear Stearns Lehman Hutton.

Harvey was also accused of having his own partners as well as clients, with a seemingly endless list of "business" expenses—of using the firm's cash reserves at a tax-free pension fund ("candy store"). Among the expense items were multiple weekly calls for "female friends"; although Harvey will not give the name, he claims, of a silicon Center diamond ring for a maid that Harvey was ignoring around a \$20,000 weekend trip to the Kennedy Derby with a girlfriend, another weekend trip, to London via the Channel, blessed with the presence of a presumably estranged lady who added up to expenses at \$5 per night, thousands more for short-long Cuban cigars, \$10,000 a month for a luxury Manhattan specimen that favored gray taste furnishings and lots of dinner—and, amazingly, at you hear and there for "expenses."

Now, that's sounding to us as if he planned to make his opening statement, I noticed immediately that Harvey—who loves red power suspenders to build like a fireplug and has the rolling gait of a seaman on the high seas—was wearing a hairy pauper before the occasion, slouched back and closely uncased, as if he had had a styles and scissors before he laid his best for the jury. By then, I had learned that he had several scops, each progressively shaggier, so that at some point he would finally run his fingers through the scruple with the longest, thickest ends and remark that he really had to get a cut.

The courtroom was packed with lawyers as in Harvey parlance. Although an attorney overbearing a client was hardly a wise legal strategy, the fact that it now was being presented as a federal crime seemed to have gone through the legal profession.

A couple of incisive cross-examination questions showed that the real issue wasn't being addressed. True to his usual Myerson & Kuhn, Harvey had been consulting partner of another law office, one of the biggest in the country, called Farley, Rumley, Wiggin, Hause, Underberg, Bradley, Myerson & Casey.

I'm giving you the whole内幕 because one name was missing. Power—an ex-lawyer, Farley, Rumley, Kuhn who collapsed—with debts close to \$1 million—Myerson not involved in major legal malfeasance that there was nothing to worry about. At this time now, he was already putting together his new firm, also absent the Power name, and you had no wonder how my partners or clients in their right mind could want to go into bed with him again.

You'd think, though, that a chick like Bessie, once having learned that it had been awarded a sum of \$1 million, would have called to the cops, but the corporate world-out-of America apparently doesn't work that way. Who would be the police enforcement? I mean, it wasn't the personal memory of management that was being stolen. It is the end, the bottom line, the shareholders, and who cares about them? What's more, some of Harvey's partners, who were being defrauded as well, stepped up earlier.

Indeed, Harvey never would have gone on trial at all if he'd been for a young to instant U.S. attorney, aka of Massachusetts Law School, named Sean O'Brien. He had a low nose for shadiness and a low threshold of moral indignation. Just when Harvey didn't want it, said it was Harvey's bad luck that the air shuttle between Washington and New York provided five copies of *The Wall Street Journal*. O'Brien happened to be on a flight back from Washington in April, 1991, when he noticed an item in the journal about Bessie making an arrangement with Myerson & Kuhn because of "billing irregularities." That's odd, O'Brien thought. Such partnerships are usually described as "philosophical differences." So he assigned an FBI agent and a postal inspector to see what was what.

And who knew better than that about men and their associations at the law firm, all its dear new ones and wacky recessional revised standards, at least for Myerson & Kuhn, had stumbled on a pattern of vice-filer oddballs while looking for napkins for a late-night pizza supper at the office. The three of them had been around long enough to realize that if they thought that to the intention of Harvey, they could lose their cases, possibly even by one they first put other employment and then proved themselves with documented evidence of the scat.

In his opening defense to the jury, Harvey credibly has plied to a senior government

conspiracy His reasoning for this was novel. He had been "set up" by O'Brien, not paid out by him and Harvey, because he was "the big, fat Jewish lawyer who crooked big, in Cuban cigar." He had made other legal "statements" as well. He not only had "made it," but he had "killed it." He was "too kickass." He pleaded guilty to an other character flaw that had reflected "by O'Brien and the government." He was "uppy my." Some people might understand what that meant, he said. It was hard to miss Harvey's message. Four of the powers were black.

One of them, a middle-aged woman, was grating, as Harvey, and I thought that maybe he had gone too far. But then he moved on when selected like more plausible segments. The last of the prosecution's crew was a cabal of four power-known as Harvey's Boys—who went in as the overwhelming. In return for their services they wanted a great immunity or allowed sweepstakes as long as "they sold the oral at Mr. O'Brien's office."

Why Harvey shouldered, was he standing there facing the essence of his career, to say nothing of prison, while those guys were still protecting her? If they had been my friends, I would, like they had done, say screw-and without his knowledge.

As for accusations that he had helped himself to a million dollars from the firm in personal success (the judge gave Harvey a break there, ruling that the fact he was cheating on his wife was "out"), he disclosed that he had brought in \$15 million out of \$15 million in billings per year, and, skipping over the matter of partnership agreements, he was entitled to whatever he wanted. Besides, he said, he considered what he took as "allowances" or "losses," which he had every intention of paying back.

His senior partner, Bessie Kuhn, testified that she had no idea of what Harvey had been up to. "That's not the ring of truth," a Justice agency reporter viewing the trial told me. He didn't leave anything when he was Neustadt communications editor."

When the jury, mostly up of middle-class and working-class citizens, came in with the verdict, you waited, shrewdly but not very far. Bradley, Ray, Harvey was guilty of robbing from clients. He was indicted of striking his partner. "Hey," a juror told me, "they went with him, it's their problem. They got what they deserved."

All in all, as a defense attorney, you would have to say Harvey did the best he could. His problem was his client. ■

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HANGING OUT: GEORGE PLIMPTON

Yanks at Cambridge



THIS SPRING I found myself saying yes, along with a few other journalists, to an invitation to the Oxford-Cambridge Boat Race. Though given only half an inch or so of space in *The New York Times*, this sports event is the third most popular in the United Kingdom after the FA Cup Final for soccer and the Grand National steeplechase at Aintree. It attracts all levels of English society—despite the fact that the participants are amateurs from relatively exclusive universities and that rowing in an eight-oared shell is the last athletic activity one would aspire to while growing up, say, in London's East End. It would be as if the South Side of Chicago became suddenly involved in the outcome of the Harvard-Yale Regatta—families turn out, spats breaking out in local bars.

Although the boat race is a typically English phenomenon, Americans have had a part in it for a long time. The year I went to Cambridge (1991), the Oxford coxswain was an American, somewhat notorious because his boat sank in choppy waves just before the start—a melancholy sight, those heads in a row in the water—which gave the London papers, especially the *Evening Standard*, a field day. An American admiral had just been picked over his English counterpart to head the NATO fleet—which would surely suffer the same fate!

"Did you row at Cambridge?" one of the journalists asked me.

"Not at that level," I said, abashed. "Never understood how anyone could go through that torture. I rowed way down in the lower echelons." I described how, newly arrived at King's College (one of the staffers of the Cambridge colleges, with its large assortment of Boeuses), I couldn't get anyone to speak to me for days. Finally, one evening, a knock sounded at the door, and I sprang to answer it. An undergraduate announcing himself as the president of the King's College Row Club smiled faintly

and asked if I would like to row for the college. I accepted with alacrity—a chance to meet seven oarsmen and a coxswain!—though I had never been in a racing shell.

The next day I rode my bicycle to the King's boathouse on the Cam River. I was late. I was breathless—an oar-heavy cumbersome—and with it I walked down the long, wood-shored slope to the water, where the shell was waiting, all the seats occupied except the coxswain's position. Apparently, I was expected to lead the boat. I looked at the president (he told me later that he thought I had rowed at Harvard) and found myself forced to make an alternating admission. "I'm sorry," I said. "I don't know how to get in."

The journalist laughed. "And then?"



Communicating happily with the "foreign Johnnies" and passing the true test of water torture

"They showed me how I attack it out. They rowed me down to the third-wire boat. I rowed behind a Welshman who had a huge ball on the back of his neck."

Our contingent arrived in London the day before the race. The papers were full of stories about the event, many of them mentioning an uncharacteristic flap that had ensued the previous year before. At a dinner organized for the journalists, a gentleman sitting next to me who had rowed for Cambridge in the Fifties described what had happened. As the Oxford boat passed the heavily favored Cambridge crew, the captain looked over from his car and shouted to his counterpart, "Bye-bye, Mac, see you at the finish!" Very exuberant.

Then, at the end of the race, he compensated himself by giving the exhausted Cambridge crew "the finger," which in Europe is a two-pronged affair, a gesture unforgivably caught in close-up by the BBC television cameras zooming-in on the victory.

"No meaning it for the V-for-victory sign," I suggested.

"Absolutely not."

He shook if I had ever rowed.

"Lower schedules," I said. "The Knigfthad boat."

"You must have rowed in the Knigfthad," he said. "Never had a chance to do that."

He was referring to the "Knigfthad" crew, nearly one of the more curious inter-collegiate competitions. The Knigfthad is so narrow that it's impossible to run two boats abreast. The situation has to be to have up one behind the other, with a shelf's length or so between them, then, at the sound of a gun, the whole long string of shells spring forward, the intent of each to try to knock the stern of the boat in front wobbling. A successful racing advance a college up a knot of rowers' bodies with the results carried forward race after race, to the following year. The racing, which is held on the spring, the crooked duck on the riverbank, goes on for a number of days with great hoopla. College supporters sing along the seaport, shouting rowing-motivational—an odd cacophony of crass, raucous many of the college-horned enthusiasm names. "Come on, Justus River!" "Go harder State Ciderhouse!" "Row like a son, damn Johnnies!"

I told my Cambridge friend that it was his loss not to have experienced the knigfthad races. I thought of him in the country boat in February, the sat shoving on his sat, rowing in the winter gloom of the tiled hall downriver. One of the journalists asked what had gone into a racing shell "Beverly home," he responded with a smile. "Friends," he said with a smile. "Friends was a real bear thing I could do."

I shook my head. What a day he had arranged himself as racing for six months, mostly during the winter, never racing in regatta-financially on thus extraordinary boat-and-quarters-mile route.

He moved silvery sheet changes over the years, how the sport has become more professional. Used five years ago, the coxed pairs never paid. Now the Cambridge crew, for me, has a great coaching trio of three, including a Czech named Vladimír Andrej. And also, of course, there had been the steady participation of what one London columnist referred to as "Foreign Johnsons." That year's

race included two Americans, two Aussies, one schoolboy thalidomide, two Australians, a Bulgarian, and a German. As the press quoted them, there was even a glock in the Oxford boat. It was a young man named John Hobson, afflicted with a rare disease, had suddenly collapsed and died during a practice run. The loss of Oxford's star now bore his name, and some thought the young man would provide his crew mates an inspiration.

The next day on the Putney regatta, issue of racing, too, I brought a light-blue '91 Celica, purple interior and a pair of sunglasses, promised to go to my tap room to my tap. Having seen only once in the last fifteen years, the Cambridge crew would need all the help it could get. My companion and I stayed to watch the race. After the crews had pulled away from the outer boats moored at midriver, we were based in the finish line opposite at Mortlake, where, in a large and, as it turned, we watched the race on monitors. An odd, palpable reaction began to set in among us. Oxford's supporters tilted slightly back and forth, babby babby in the rhythm of their oarsmen. Cambridge, in turn, the spectator muscles straining to appear greater strength to the crews in the water. They're going to knock the back of the boat?" my Cambridge friend of the night before called out. "Rhythm! Rhythm!" the crew responded under his arched eyebrows.

Oxford crossed the finish line a little more than a boat's length ahead. We settled outside to watch the winners appear from under the Chiswick Bridge, a number of small-crewed skiffs in triumph. The Cambridge boat followed behind, its crew sheepishly out, the cameras carrying them slowly along. I looked for signs of derision from Oxford.

Outside the tent I wondered around, feeling nervous. Just then an elderly couple wheeled up an ancient bicycle, the people just keepers, wearing wavy-rimmed sunglasses, a tweed coat, and a faded Oxford Boat Club cap. He let out a happy exclamation of recognition when I informed him that the Oxford boat had won. He and his wife had watched the start at Putney and had hurried on their bicycles for the finish. He was seventy-eight years old, it turned out, and had scored for Oxford in 1952.

The old man noted a noisy clack from the back of his bicycle and carried it down to the water's edge. He unspun it open and settled himself into it to watch the shells come in from the river. "I never could beat the Jesus College, racing style that came out of Cambridge," he remarked. "The men produce a lovely green wave that looks nice but isn't effective; mine the water but not the boat."

A crowd began to collect around him. He was obviously enjoying himself. On fire: a healthy glow. I stood apart with his wife. She told me that he had rowed at Eton and had taught music and religion there St. George's Chapel. The war?

"No medals," she said. "He has some hollow holes in his bone and there. Retired now, racing monkey."

Two tall men in dark Club-Master came wheeling by, one of them, apparently the Oxford car who had given the Cambridge boat the finger the year before. "Hello!" the old gentleman called out. "You've cut your hair! I didn't notice it long, probably you were."

The cameras started. The two started talking about the finger episode, and the young man offered an interesting excuse:

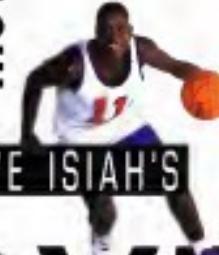
"With all Cambridge people now as it presented, I didn't see how they could have less user depressed."

In the background, the Cambridge crew bowed their shell adieu. As I watched, I remembered what I had often been told back in my Cambridge days: that there were nine accomplishments possible during college that marked one for life. In alphabetical, it was achieving the highest honors, a "named first." In address, especially the boat race, it was winning one's "blue" (the English equivalent—though vastly more meaningful—a variety label, light blue for Cambridge, dark blue for Ox. Gold). It didn't much matter what happened later in life. Nor did it seem important that a victory was snatched; the art itself was the issue.

The crowd around the old gentleman continued to grow—tall men in Blazers with caps or book studies of Blue, University men here who had, as my Cambridge friend had put it, "some laces." The Cambridge crew looked at them while walking up from the water's edge, corona-deep their weariness. I didn't feel quite so sorry for them. They would know about a room enough.

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NOTES ON THE
**LIFE &
DEATH
AND INCANDESCENT
BANALITY
OF ROCK'N'ROLL**

By Greil Marcus

THERE'S AN IMAGE of present-day rock 'n' roll that I've been unable to get out of my head since I first bumped into it on MTV a few years ago. It still runs on the channel, but with the set on or off it comes back to me all the time, without warning, capable of tingeing any musical thrill with nausea.

IS THE WAY BUSHWICK BILL SAYS, "AH, MAN, HOMEY, MY MIND IS PLAYIN' TRICKS ON ME" AS REDEMPITIVE AS "BLUE SUEDE SHOES" WAS?



as early or often.

Chuck Berry's "School Days," the MacArthur

"Book of Love." The music was

lower down to let, face were
lower cold by others who
came too to bury but to
grieve, and/or die of it. The death
of rock was caused by
soft, with the founders passing
(Elvis at the Army, Jerry
on his way to prison, hardly
dilly-dad). Alan Freed
drew from the survivors
by the people account,

Little Richard in God's word, Lawrence Welk exemplified Jewish
"Cal-earia," but only another one could—indeed, the Stee-Volt
Mongrels, the Stones, the Rolling Stones, Bob Dylan, and
Aretha Franklin, all writing in the wings. In a year after the first
decoy song, Don McLean's "American Pie" was immediately reused
as another's input, with the bodies of Brian Jones, Jimi Hendrix,
and Morrison for evidence. The song was all but set by signs
when pop discounters ruled the earth and the likes of Johnny Rivers
scattered beneath their feet, wondering what to do and where to go.

By 1969, Dylan and the Jaramie unconvening again nobly
laughed and still it lived and stayed. Had been answered by Neil Young's
anxiously convulsing, "Hey Hey, My My"—rock and roll over us, he claimed.
The song was convincing in its ugly, amateurish fury, but
was so in an irony—a clouds-in-sunshine-like the song's subjects
the cloud Ethos and the by then on-Sex Pistols, Rivers, into the instrument
they'd already made. Young sang his rock song about the death of
rock with such power that the anger even seemed to cover ex-
situations and impossibilities. Rivers today has every still has the look of
it on; perhaps especially today. Sometimes you need irony to
laugh—to slice the starch of a corruption that can pop up any
where, even in the casual act of a rock star on MTV.

There's a form of the corrosion, as the focus of indifference
of laughing and dying. In the video for Nevins' "Smell Like Teen
Spirit," the most surprising but sage—and many may be the
most astute—of the five answers that pass as the band grinds out its slow-
scrolling pants threads. Can for that, you might think. The death of
rock was announced with great fanfare as the kick to a girl's Living in
Abbotsford, Washington, a cover above a bouldered under-soundness
of Seattle, Nevins singer-guitarist Kurt Cobain mused the funeral and
that mother the birth. Born in 1967, he first lived pants, the first
sound of walls falling in his life, when a fossil played him a tape of
scratched punk songs, already old, but new to him. It was 1981, the
same year Disney Raps of Disney and the Jaramies killed himself, or
able to meet one more other tour.

It's trying to say that whatever it is he's doing, it's not mere
silence. He's saying that the reason he and his friends are making a
consciousness only similar as it fits, only to the degree that their
rage, extensions of utopia and nihilism—"our little group has

always been and always will until the end," the ringing of each word
dropped out into the beginning of the next, the whole phrase
grinned—means making, to him or anyone else. *Because you! Fuck*—
so I'll try to live it as I'm living you down. Nevins' entertainment, as his
ball said, will be his last. His universe vanishes. The accused and culprits of five
rock 'n' roll decades are in the last play and as it finishes, exploded,
severed in scores of good & dead in the mirror could sit for.

Somewhere, though, you tried to stand without lying—and the
empty "Smell Like Teen Spirit" can't really fit the introspection in
rock, perhaps because it is not a song, simply because the introspection
is spent for in part too innocent. There is more in a conversation
that is not limited to pop music, that is not to any state innocent,
and that may not touch.

The category has been killed since passing the government-as
prior corporation with no responsibility for the common good
days than as a democratic mechanism that can easily to serve the
hopes and bargains of those who need a road." "Tinley White," author
of "Billboard," writes earlier this year: "The roads are in place, so does
that they can make you run away or not on roads, but in White's
view, "The traps and bad situations have actively in-
volved nearly forty years of guns in civil rights while leaving the
racial antagonists that disrupt the powers by putting them apart
from each other. The principle of divide-and-conquer wins the
power struggle continually implacably but based on a society
and then stopping to "teach the popular with the way of misery,
humorous repression that can take a country to death. An ominous noise
like those, ordinary people desperately need the support of each other
to endure against such swarming and terrible odds and music can help
provide the necessary unity, pride, truth, and survival strength."

Even if you were White as he assumed up the axis of the
nation, chances are he lost you with his last loss. Against all that,
must Rock 'n' roll like, take your good times where you find
them, live for that one day—the day when the world loses its
heat and dissolves in sustainability. The greater who begins to
contribute toward and follows his words where they lead ends up
laughing like a fool. But any attempt to talk about the death of
rock music must be made without irony, even if that situation
lets the fool the only role left to play. For there is no way to talk
about the death of rock music being, what, surely, is being song
signed to the snap-happy—without recognizing what a being given up

IN 1968, RHYTHM & BLUES *Oil + Journey Through the Library of the American Soul*, Stanley Bielecki wrote about a record
made in 1957 by a white middlebrow singer:

It has been suggested that Carl Perkins' "Blue Suede
Shoes"—the first record to reach the top of the pop, rhythm
and blues, and country charts—represents one of
the most important songs in the evolution of American music.
Perhaps it was

an even more important song, because the *Perkinsaurus* was an
often handed down from above, and the success of "Blue Suede
Shoes" among Afro-American teenagers as much gave roots
acknowledgment of a common heritage, a mutual understanding
and lack of style, as of language, of redemption.

At a distance of thirty-five years, a generation, a car or two
as the prelude to a properly the murder of Martin Luther King,
one of the two assassinations from which the country has not yet
recovered.

There's a lot going on in these few sentences—over-musical,
discursive, blues and country, middlebrow, shared language,
social dimension. Playing questions of style and reinvention on
the same plane is remarkable in itself. But perhaps most striking is
the dawning that rock's words can deliver. Think of how
unlikely Carl Perkins' guitars and the response that passed, it
would have seemed in the very moment before deep cover—
and think of how impossible such a guitar and such a response
were, were.

Rock's claims are big. They're as big as any claims that can be
made for rock 'n' roll, or any form of popular culture, or any form of
any gratuity, as if it can't be off a duty about "a history
brought of a few pairs of blue jeans" (as Carl Perkins once put it)
at a wedge as history, an branch that opened at new roads—a mad
in strategy and fires there, a road to revolution.

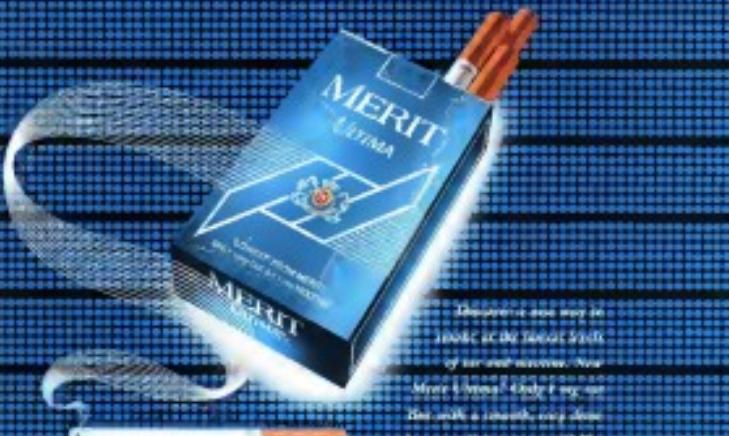
If this sort of recycling affirmation that always brings forth a
sense of skepticism, it's for the impasses of an era and
for the fact of the firm of entertainment. What can you make of such a
song? The answer is because it's simply a matter of the right
notes in the right place at the right time that makes a song like
Tom Petty's "I Won in the City" so thrilling. It is the right
note carry of a person and a chorus as vast as one can find in
"Blue Suede Shoes"—say if today, it is only in style, and a genre,
elated about as that. Whatever it is that "I Won in the City" does
tastefully presents, it is well sustained, a few moments of pleasure
sweetly returned to the amnesia of a regenerated format. If the
sound seems explosive, unpredictable, out of control, a pleasure
first and last that might as well be a hit.

In 1976, when "Blue Suede Shoes" was
mercifully suggested that all forms of Ameri-
can music could sing the same song—sing
good & dead, for a moment, they
didn't know who was pop music, an
old blues, Rock territory
needed to be made.
Today the pop masters
are made. We're up
like a middlebrow
version of the
decorator-star.

**THERE IS NO CENTRAL FIGURE TO
DEFINE THE MUSIC, UNLESS IT'S THE
UNDEAD**
ELVIS, DRIPPING FIFTEEN YEARS OF ROT



SURPRISING FLAVOR AT ONLY 1 MG TAR.



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WITHOUT THE PROMISE THAT ROCK WILL UNSETTLE THE WORLD, THERE'S ONLY PROFIT AND LOSS—AND SOON ENOUGH, MERELY LOSS.

With songs and guitars verging like politicians toward home, there is little room in rock culture—to the risk of dissolution that emerging mass culture entails—as to the chance of reaching everyone—and none of the peculiar energy of that fundamental rock 'n' roll journey, the leap (or walk) from private to public. Today rock music in mass culture only in recycled commercial pages for products everyone recognizes, the music itself is occupied only in its parts. The pop series, the pop world, is a dling in itself, complete unto itself. That music can stand outside its borders, over the larger world, where such passions and meanings as those in "The Stoold Silence" were fought over some century.

It's called just that each of 'em, bluesy popular art form, reflects or mimics society so large, this is not encouraging and not to the point. Certainly it is not of course large even a fraction of what Stanley Bruck says about "The Stoold Silence." That recording, released two years after the Supreme Court's decision in Brown v. Board of Education, which demanded the integration of public schools, and demands more or standard would be, as Timothy White writes, subversive and threatened by the new Reagan Park Agreement. Consider that our very other *American* cultural event, the song did something very different. With preserved memory—with every kind of history and drive—it described events in the world at large and sent them back into the world, shaggy transformed and disguised, as a form that defied any refusal. The song took in the social energies of change, drove, fine, properly, of hatred of difference and ambivalence toward a too, and A new day is dawning. Now, without either assessment, we see all dressed up in new clothes.

The moment of shambles and transformation power the most explosive rock in roll. "Dylan subdues a professed assassin of the [Vietnam] war and how it is affecting all of us," Jim Lefebvre writes in job of John Wiley Publishing, that oddly quiet, paradoxical reversal of the pseudosilence. "You" (the doesn't mean that I think any of the particular song) are about the war as that any of the songs are protest against it. All I mean is say is that Dylan has left the song there in an assessment of it contained within the mood of the album as a whole. Dylan's songs—"whole seemed work. What is this country made of, where did it come from, which roads are open, which are closed off?"—acknowledge the war in the same way that songs like [Bob] Dylan's "Magical Mystery Tour" or Paul Simon's "Hill" ignore it. They acknowledge it by stamping out to speak falsely."

The same spark may be at work in Newson's sound, which can seem as effusive, as frenzied, "When we want to make this record," Chris Newson has said of the sessions that produced "Smash Like Toss Apart," which took place during the Gulf War. "I had such a feeling of us versus them. All these people waving the flag and being bombastic, I really had that. And all of a sudden, they're all buying our record, and I just think, You don't get us off."

When rock 'n' roll fails to absorb the events of the larger world, it does reflect—but that's all it does. Then you have such lame wordsal as a *Citizen K* blues number bemoaning "incompetence," "fugitives," and "negatives," as in Coke coo threatening to burn Robert Kennedy out of Los Angeles, or Public Enemy's Chuck D revenging his circumcision at the hands of the same tribe that "give me like peace"—or explaining that unfortunately, not his fault, bone marrow transplant is cancer against nature. "The pants don't fit." You grow, in other words, no more than a fat, bland reflection of the daily news. You get *American* blues by lyrics in an explanation that "singers" mostly reflect people who don't. Not us ready to David Bowie's notion that all he's saying is that white people deserve an even break. You get voices seeking to prevent the speakers the singers can't even sing, nor is Patrick Brazeau's talk-show colleagues come back to answer the country that, when you get him alone, he's an angel, a guy no yard over seven feet, and you get a National Public Radio report on the release of *Guns N' Roses* *Use Your Illusion* I and II—the discs were on sale at midnight, September 23, 1991, doors stayed open, fans lined up, happy as children at a mall, as it were the truth that "incompetence," "fugitives," "negatives" were not a problem for *Guns N' Roses*, but selling power. As a weekender red on NBR, new CD in his studio case, Axl Rose *All This Has the Power to Set You Completely Free*. Look at this mirror and you see a person, like Axl Rose or like Bob Dylan, who a pain like you, except that he, unlike you, seems empowered. He give you more money—happier than, in the cause of the transmogrification, some of that power is passed over to you.

THE STATE OF AFFAIRS of a single rock 'n' roll achievement, Stanley Booth's words on "Blow Stoold Silence," measure the progress of the death of rock. It is an ongoing story that, under cancer guise, he can conceal by an insistence on how old it may be. Along with the presumption of the death of rock 'n' roll, enveloped in any song, is the promise that the music will, as soon hardly definable why, resettle the world that pretenses to contain it, or take its part, or write off its loss. Wish out that promise, there's only profit and loss—and soon enough, merely less.

Again at that I offer a fantasy, sparked by a real song. In 1991, the *Guns* Boys self-titled second album was scheduled for release on Geffen Records, mostly because of "Mind of a Lunatic," a tune about rape, murder, and necrophilia. Geffen refused it. The *Guns* Boys can cut on the Def American label, but that leaves "parental advisory." Def American Records is opposed to censorship. Our manufacture and distribution, however, do not condone or endorse the content of this recording, which they find vulgar, taste, indecent, and obscene."

The *Guns* Boys were laid, in that segment of the public imagination that was more of three extremes, as a Hitler Hitlerites, in seats occupying the furthest extremes of capitalism and the Free Assessment, to the sum of the ninth. Last year, on the Rap's Let



Neiman Marcus

IN A TIME WHEN IT HAS BEEN PRONOUNCED THAT WE'VE REACHED THE END OF HISTORY, THE DEATH OF ROCK MAY BE A VERY SMALL THING.

label, they released the album *We Can't Be Stopped* and a single, "Mind Playing Tricks on Me." The single was a hit on stations that play easy-Mack stations. It wasn't heard on Contemporary Hit Radio, or on the stations formatted as Modern Rock or Top 40 of the post- or an early college station, the refuge of the music gods in pop music. As its major critics suggested, the song was glibness, trying futility, though the song could be heard—and can still be heard, still on the radio—as a "blue blouse blues." The borders of the song are that sadness that appears.

The tune opens lightly with pretty little notes sweeping up a theme, as if inspiring a dream, finally dissolved into camp music before. Those same notes—on a guitar or a synthesizer—reappear throughout the piece, changing in tone according to the story it suggests them. Comfort turns into mystery, mystery turns cold. The sadness here is very deep. "Mind Playing Tricks on Me," claims the footer of Robert Johnson's 1931 "Me and the Devil Blues," the oft-overlooked title of the *Original* *Blues* (as the *Devil* was the dead end interpretation of life to the *Family Blues*'s ego). "Thank You for Talking to Me Africa"—dead-end, because Africa isn't calling, and the only one who'll listen to you is yourself.

The narrative—but part taken in zero by Willie D., memory-thin, Sonique, memory-wax, and Badwick Bill, memory-fixer—is a slope dealer in Hawaiian's Fifth Ward. You can say nay to that fact and keep the song cavelled, or you can forget it. Classics are you'll forget it. Beginning in octaves of clear and pale, the song moves past those classic solos down, looking for a way out. There's a unwillingly small and banalized about the way the man tells you what a long shot he is, how little like a movie star something enormous about the way he says "I often drift when I drive." Moving easily through the status quo, he says, he drifts about killing himself. Bouton has the road, but it's hard, really. You believe him. The man has moved just slightly away from realism. He stands a playing cards on fire, but no fair they're easy to solve.

It's with the last section of the song that the story breaks up. Badwick Bill is a speech is broken, you can't quite follow him. He doesn't sing, he recites. He's not modulated, he obscures himself. From what he's saying, Day and night, sleep and waking are scrambled. His doesn't understand. He recites. The noise in the background says, Yeah. I've heard it all before.

Two people follow a method
life and this day's unbreakable beaten
Robert Badwick Bill says,

A guy appears, they race, he catches them. The processor, however, increases number of men seeking only from children (you don't have to want it, it's there, you take it)—men against the breasts that follows when they race to the top.

They jump him—but here the narrative dissolves. Who the top is, and who they are, is suddenly unclear. Why they've done what they've done, which a minute before was set in stone with the inevitability of monsoon, is now a mystery. Boundaries break up,

characters who moved through the earlier moments of the song move on, spores ride their phere. The seed who started by name at Robert Johnson's song, and at Sly & the Family Stone's, remains, on name needed. These numbers are about a struggle to see clearly, the *Chieftain* "We Too Soon to Know," with its delicate, fading door-wing review is about the responsibility of seeing clearly, "Mind Playing Tricks on Me" face Robert Johnson's namesake through the *Oyster* here. The dead is in the cup, let's the singer. The singer is the cup. He kills himself. The audience becomes nodes again.

He goes down as planned.
But the wait is an eternity.
Strained about me so soon for
Now that a camp I'll use in my day
So we might succeed as we
Drop in their Fifth Ward is in
The more I swing, the more blood flow
Then he disappeared and my legs disappeared too
Thus I felt like a jewel
It seems each time Holloman
It was dark or death on the screen
My hand over off body
From pushing on the screen.

If you can hear Badwick Bill sing as a Hawaiian rapper, or even as an African American, but directly as an exemplary American with a story to tell and the issues in tell, then metaphors suggest themselves as quickly as in its most tragic moments the music in "Mind Playing Tricks on Me" seems to close down, the air door opening, a hand blocking you inside. That drifting, perching sound, those trailing notes—almost a country-go-round sound, like a low-grade minor for anyone's displacement, confusion, stress, depression. The way Badwick Bill intones, "Ah, man, honey-my mind is playing tricks on me"—you've got that couple the last time you earned on the news. In the way he says it, as though in the song, Shakespeare, at the opposite to "Blue Suede Shoes" might have been premonition? "Mind Playing Tricks on Me" is a mirror on the top of every chair; it's just a fantasy, it has yet to find the message it deserves. It's time to go home.

In a time when it has been deliberately pronounced that we have reached the end of history, the death of rock may appear to be a very small thing. Certainly it is if you believe that rock 'n' roll will never go on. If you believe that rock 'n' roll cannot help make history and that history cannot help make good rock 'n' roll. If you believe that, though, you may have to accept that rock 'n' roll never really existed as all—or when you do the death of rock is no problem. If you don't believe it will, listen to "Blue Suede Shoes," "Soulful Like Teen Spirit," and "Mind Playing Tricks on Me," and see if you hear a detailed story, or an open one, or at least the consensus of a few people doing what they can to keep the door from closing. ■

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WOMEN WE LOVE

1992

OUR FIFTH-ANNUAL
TRIBUTE TO THE
WOMEN WHO HAVE
CHANGED THE FACE OF
THE WORLD AS WE
KNOW IT, ENRICHED
THE INTELLECTUAL
CONTENT OF OUR
LIVES, AND ARE—NOT
TO PUT TOO FINE A
POINT ON IT—AESTHET-
ICALLY APPEALING.
PLUS A SPECIAL HEAVE-
HO TO A FEW WHO
MAKE OUR TEETH ACHE



CANDICE BERGEN

WOMAN OF THE YEAR

Candice Bergen's nonstop sexiness was never supposed to be the secret, kind in the good books to save family values. Candice herself is no blushing virgin, born in to Hollywood royalty; she has been selling great-sexy-spiced four-decades-and-counting media. But her single paper Murphy is irresistibly a woman for these discontent times. A product of the Eighties backlash against women having it all, Murphy embodies a belated recognition that it is not possible all at once to do the deal, make the dinner, give a warm good kiss, and still flavor your softie chirpy blues "You Mean I'm Beautiful."

But Candice's Murphy is telling us that it's okay for women to step up to the plate for success, especially in pairs at the back of your neck—the pair because she is a strong connection and light does not mean women should be pulled off to the Phlegm Infidelity education camp—but even the indulgent modern of television has something positive to say about female effort—and that Murphy (thanks to Candice) is sending a message of passion and mastery that is much needed in these hypersexual times. What's that indeed? —THE EDITOR

PHOTOGRAPH BY PERRY SIBOTA

[Women to Whom We Apologize in Advance for This Entire Patriotic and Objectivist Extravaganza]

Barbara Walters, Nancy Wolf, Thelma Lewin

[WOMEN WE LOVE]

THE OH-HUM GIRL

BY BILL BRIST

I gave them so much. They peaked that ink-washed Grecian-looking swashbuckler pasteur. When rights and royalties (former, preferably) held sway it was like a completely undressed about my code becomes preferable, trying to serve us as in formed-consumer doctrine based on information. I could not be sold by commercial messages. Words. (What are we supposed to do, exactly, when told "It's it"? Why not why?) "The Best Thing" seemed like a legend, a prison argument until the sensible Ray Charles brought in his wavy recognition: "The Right One."

It was only when the US built Gorbachev the hypodermic of his Charles, a jester, with short explosive, tentative, affirmative return ("Uh-huh, uh-huh")—while encouraging himself in more slices of gold lame—that I stood up my mind (or something) to drink deeply of these role, realms of blissfulness.

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN DIBBLEIAN

WOMEN WHO MAKE
US RECOMMEND THE
WORLD PIZZA
PIZZAZZERIE-PIZZA-WITH-
THE-RALLY-ROST-
BANQUET-UP-FRONT
TRAIL
Wilson Phillips
En Vogue
TLC

SIXTEENTH-CENTURY
POLITICALLY CORRECT
CARTOON WOMEN
'WE LOVE'
Selma

WOMEN WHO MAKE
MUSIC DURING STAND
ON GRID



Johnna Leeott

WOMAN WHO LOOKS
BETTER BALD THAN
WE DO



Courtney Warner

WOMAN WE WERE
Whitney Houston
Whitney Goldberg

WOMAN WE WANTED
RIGHT ABOUT THEM
Kari Bremner
Georgina Molesher
Margaret Taveler

WOMAN WE WANTED
RIGHT ABOUT THEM
WHICH ABOUT THEM
RIGHT ABOUT THEM
RIGHT ABOUT THEM
Madonna
Hillary Clinton

DOLLY PARTON

BY JOHN SPRIGG

pretty good job of it at the well of *Pasteur on the Edge*. We love the way you lassoed me—the character “I’m back in the Steam” cutting through Kenny Rogers like he was a pat of butter. We love the way you stood up to Jimi Hendrix in *Nite in Five*, was giving an assk of exorcism. We love you for having the last of the heart-giant lignite. We even loved you on your failed TV show, looking lonely and lost in all those sets and class the way everybody normal would! When you, with a iota of the cash of your latest org, looked down already our lips and looked straight into the camera, we became little boys again, wanting none the sager of a come-try-life, the girl singer’s white cowboy boots at the level of our eye, one pointed toe tapping, and her losses all hair and braves beneath the fringe of her what buckskin skin; and the mother-of-pearl fact of her game flicking in the buggy lights as the lassoed her plains into the swaddling rails. The swashbuckler out for expand up the bulldog in the hollow hillbilly, over the dry old moon in the sky that a use. That’s you, Dolly! (as of yesterday) and don’t let them tell Hollywood per meowdy twinkle change you—sooty if they figure and how.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL GRILBES

[WOMEN WE LOVE]

**WHICH WE HAVE
WILL NEVER BE
REMOVED TO
DIRECTORS PLEASE
BY M. BURGESS**

Penelope Spheeris,
director Wayne's World
Penny Marshall, director,
A League of Their Own
Mary Lambert, director,
For Seniors Only
Kata Shen Kucher,
screenwriter, Power Roy

Women Who Mean The Future Reasons for the Mass

卷之三

Mr Louis Dreyfus
1911

Script
Louie Matali Rossetto
Kate Cane, Taly
Reba Neurath, Cheri
Annick Demolon,
L.A. Lee

**WOMAN WE LIEE,
THREE IT WOULD BE
SO GOOD TO, YOU
KNOW, BE, LIEE,
BETTER FRIEND WITH
YOUNG MOTHER,
LIEE, HERE ONE
WORLD CANT US
IN, LIEE, WELLCOME
PLACE**

**William Morris JUST
ONE OF THE BOYS**



Environ

Women Who Paint a Wall
Rosemary Lettice
Wheeler
Nina Totenberg
National Public Radio

**Бан Гай-Фон Форн
ТИМЕС**
Джо Баррингтон
Камилла Ригби

JANE MARCH

BY STANLEY FINE

PHOTOGRAPH BY GASPARD THIBAULT

A close-up photograph of a woman's face, partially obscured by several large, vibrant yellow sunflowers in the foreground. The flowers are in sharp focus, while the woman's face is slightly blurred, creating a dreamlike or intimate atmosphere. She has dark hair and is looking directly at the camera with a soft expression.

QUEEN LATIFAH

第 1 章

at N.W.A., who described about themselves, handles and all but only showed after one of the members presented a chromosome break-up show how seriously he took this. And that does concern them the idea of pride and self-sufficiency, the upper layers of female Agnew, the Queen, who was just nineteen-year-old Diana Owners of Las Vegas, New Jersey when her first illness was released. And even as she allows like some women would at their campers these days as "Hot," she flies back to her marry freedom, "I'm gonna be one to see her." She's formed her own management company, now off appearing as material and on television, and now is working on a pilot for her own TV series As it looks to be a solidly magnetized in store, on her own music albums. Matrix of 6,000 the serial killer Ed Speier once observed that gilded blonde women constitute a unique American trophy and rightly assumes their own risks. Duke Ellington, for instance, Count Basie, No Ring Cole And of course, Pres. Rep. newly needed some legal presence, and in Queen Latifah, he's got a Cleopatra.

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WOMEN WE LOVE

BARBARA DAVIS

BY ERIC KROGOLAK

On my travels around the U.S. of A., through dozens of hotels and motels two things can be counted on: The rooms will be cold and the pay-per-view TV will be warped. Think God for the awesomeness of life. Then, who deserves her name more to match all the X-rated visuals she produces and stars in, but for the life-altering and life-loving attitude she brings to sexfests like her? She is very, very well known to millions of red-blooded American males [and females], and yet her name never comes up in the press as an talk shows, nor ever—mainly because to the bold-and-pornographic hypothesis that makes her country what it is today Barbara Davis is her defiance, bucking organic sexualhood; it is the power available to gynocentered power-houses, Gail and Raquel Welch, in moving to her freedom. And it's the tools many her focuses. Ed says his passion needs to feminist, or firmly on top.

PHOTOGRAPH BY
JOSEPH ASTRE



ANDREA MITCHELL

BY GRAYDON CARTER

There is something about Washington that brings out the worst in men and the best in women. In a city now littered with unimpeachable women, many of them good old story of that Moral Majority that congressional overpopulation, Andrea Mitchell (a bravely), a television's gold standard the more than a dozen years, including a stint covering the White House, has made her a legend rough groundbreaking reports in a compellingly associated style that tends to elicit admiration even to its potential. As they say in the newspaper business, she can get it, write it, and put a headline on it. As a result, I ask for nothing more.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GREGORY BEISLER



ANNIE DILLARD

BY BARRY THREBURN

There was, at their ripe, a defining moment, no lesson when Annie Dillard became a serious literary square. It was four pages into her acquaintance when her mother having just turned Twinkie Creek—published a group of essays standing steadily between her and a lesser she-woman like myself. "Lightfoot," she cried. "Copperhead! French novelist!"

Indeed, indeed! It's a rare moment when even a child's mother feels, before the lights go out for regular ground. And Times highbrow Ruth "Alice the one environmentalist genius of our time," the reviewer has continued to do exclusively to certain pieces, despite criticisms and jealous slurs about of snobbish, haughty pretensions with over-fresh signs. And we is still on page one.

Dillard didn't care about pure literature. To shake the dabatious, the flower petals, her next book was chosen. God. And in make matters worse, the woman now claims she was just showing off that she had a green review yet. Fifteen at Twinkie Creek, with no evidence of everything out I never accorded, finally danced in the room. Her lawn, the living, wasapted at back a century and then, open arms spread forward. After eagle looks like a big One—a grand one, eye closed, and less of weather.

Sometime will say it was worth the wait. Wrong.

The wait was a pleasure.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID BARRY



CATWOMAN WE LOVE



WOMEN WHO RULE
FEMALE-ONLY BALL
SEASIDE REVEAL
JUST HOW SOULFUL
BORN-AGAIN MEET
PEACE AND
Terry McMillan, author,
Writing to Eat

WOMEN WHO RUMINATE
ON WHAT'S DOWN
GODFATHER WOMAN HAVING
BEEN LIKE HAD HE
LIVED ON THE UPPER
WEST SIDE AND SPENT
A LOT OF TIME IN
COFFEE SHOPS
Daphne Esquerra,
author, Under the Sun
Rehema

GROUNTY WOMEN
WE LOVE
Courtesy Love of Holt
Kim Deal of Pixies
Priscilla Stephenson of
Monaco

WOMEN WHO OVERDO
OR NOT PLANNED
Gail Shapley

ASYMETRICAL
CONFIDENT WOMEN
WE LOVE
Barbie



AUGUST 1992 EQUINOXE

[WOMEN WE LOVE]

MADELEINE STOWE

BY JIM HARRISON

Since I first met Madeleine Stowe on the set of *Breathless*, she has asked me to reread books by her to read. Naturally, I think that Madeleine's obvious grace and range of talent must come from reading so many books. Only in the United States have we failed to make the connection between actors and literature. Madeleine comes from the palpable substance of James M. Cain, whom she did Johnson for on *Breathless* before she did Garbo.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALBERTO TOLET



INGRID BISCHOF

BY ANDREW SULLIVAN

Maybe it helps to be an editor to appreciate Ingrid Bischof, who puts out interviews—the most garrulous and useful monthly magazine in America—on her spare time series for The New Yorker that come maddeningly and accessible. Anthropology continues to be found. Anyone who can elegantly discuss the provenance of P.C. photographs (Salvadora Daliada) and generate that kind of talk about how her father taught her when he was alive, who knows the difference between powdered-up ovaries (Julia Scherzer) and powdered-up pores over Jeff Bridges and give us the latter in his underwear, who confesses that during his own brain-blobbing years at the possibly sexist girls' Aspinwall in the 1960s she wouldn't necessarily have read most of the articles she published if she hadn't had to sit them, who understands that the incomprehensible nature of art does not mean that a shoulder's be explained, who, at 34, seems just suddenly turned man and woman, anatomical perfectionity with sexual mystery, who is as spryly perched at a dinner rug as one has managed to make amid any trace of a particular sexual sensitivity, whose elemental sensuousness makes her apparently superficial uninterested, such a woman is ready to be fully appreciated only by other women, found hopelessly opaque by male strength men and severely reviled by her all-too-attentive peers.

PHOTOGRAPH BY
BRUCE WEBER



WOMEN WE LOVE



ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

BY CHARLES BRIGGS

Eleanor Roosevelt was my first role model, as I forgive the cliché she body checked me to get a job. Still, she was single-minded, tough, and determined, qualities not much prized in women during the 1940s. But today the can do badge that has been gathering dust may be poised to become a more versatile woman.

As a small boy I recall her being evaluated because the nose was too narrow so never a high-crypled husband recommended. Was it her unusual good looks that caused some people to go my way of rage?

The other day I followed the harridan P. J. O'Keefe on *Good Morning America*. Every present time, he was engaging in some pretty heavy do good or badging, lecturing environmentalists for saying, at effect, "because I care so much more than you do, I am morally superior to you." The implication was that we are all dysfunctional, especially those of us who present to a certain certain bourgeoisie. In fact, there are millions of people who care more about the environment than does P. J. O'Keefe—or than I do for that matter.

These people are today's Eleanor Roosevelt, who refuse to give in to the hard-edge mentality of our times. Continue to divide them and the whole country could become one big provincialism.

PART

BY BOY BLUNT JR.

What you don't see in the picture Pei could be. Pei's place could be static, not have a singer, or maybe two, and let our hair down, and call things back to another. Oh, I guess we have our differences, but when the Indians come,

For and I share, we do have something working. What it is exactly—it's hard to put your finger on. But one definite plus involved, we're both people persons basically underneath. If only people would accept that. Mission: See Lazarus Cleaves and Dorothy Kaye, or President and Mrs. Bush (and their dog), and people say, "Well, whatever." And for when Pei and I go out for brunch (we both have eggs, although we're vegetarians, neither fish nor fowl), we get funny looks.

What sets things straight is, I am myself much a learned person. It's like with Lee Johnson, the big, bouncy, buxomish guy—just look for a room with a woman's name (Charlotte) who also does commercials in a dress. My name is a name.

Tom, too. So how can there be any room except about a fifth and a half? And this our favorite spot—it's down around where Second and Beale and Exchange Plaza almost but not quite come together. Can't be any more specific—and the owner, Tom, won't even let us personally. Never mind a beat. Give me a you-lucky-number week, name is Pei, and says, "Madame is formidable."

"Seems like a couple," I tell Tom, who says to Pei, "M'mm, Madame, the name?" A nod from Pei, and I even respond with a big one.

On such occasions, Tom I believe is French. Oh, like, is English. PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANCESCO SCAVOLINI

WOMEN WE DON'T LOVE

WOMAN WHO
DESPERATELY
WANTS TO BE
BAMBOO BUT WILL
NEVER BE GLASSY
ENOUGH



WOMAN WHO FOR
SEX-a-Seat With
MOTHER SEE LIP
DANCING



The Radio City Dancer

WOMAN WE FEAR
Alessandro Manzoni

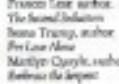
WOMAN WHO'S
BREVIOUALLY WE
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Wenne Mandla

WOMAN WHO'S
INLOVED ON THEM
LATE IN PART OF A
NATIONAL THEME
THAT SHE WILL
PREPARE AND THEM
GIVE IN THE
Bush Peppermint

WOMAN WHO MAY
BE GOOD ENOUGH
FOR THE
PERFORMING ARTS,
FINALLY, REALLY
PREDICT OUR
OTHELLO
Marlene Williamson

WOMAN WHO
BEGGED JUST BEFORE
TO SIMPLY
EXHIBITIONISM AND
LEADS THE ACTORS
TO GENEROSITY
Florina

WOMAN WE NEVER
REALLY LIKED WHO
RECENTLY
REMINDED US AT
GREAT LENGTH
WHO



The Radio City Dancer
The Second Induction
Sonia Trujillo, Author
For Love Alone
Matthew Quayle, Author
Beneath the Surface

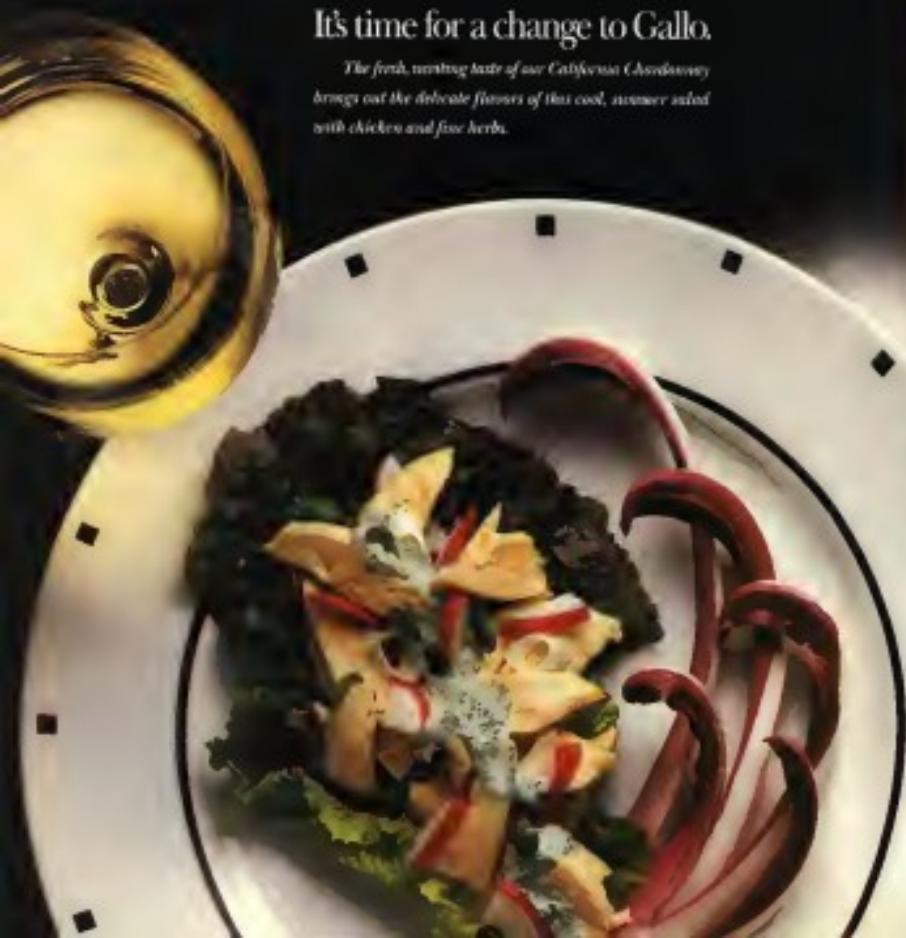
WOMAN WE
HOPE WILL STARE A
CONCERN IN
THE NEAR FUTURE
SO WE CAN
CIRCA-SAIN'T THEM
APPROVING

Irene
Isabella Marcus
Tolka Dijo
Nancy Raaga



It's time for a change to Gallo.

*The fresh, menthol taste of our California Chardonnay
brings out the delicate flavors of this cool, summer salad
with chicken and fine herbs.*



Men like to think that women disdain and dread one another. And that is true—but it is far from the only truth.

WHAT WOMEN THINK OF OTHER WOMEN

By Elizabeth Kaye

I TWIN HARLEYS ON THE MONTAUK HIGHWAY

UP TO DATE men who were married to other women no longer recall the precise traditions that prompted these emotions, though they must have been the usual discussions about bearing no responsibility for the flagrant way that certain men behaved.

"Is that your old lady?" someone once asked a man with whom I was flitting at a party.

"That is my young lady," he answered. "My old lady's over there."

It all comes around, of course, as I most emphatically had been assured it would. An early portrait revealed much more years later, around the time that hers became pink. I was reporting a piece that required accompanying Judith Cornishine to Change and these, in the garrison at Kip's Bay, we encountered a well-to-do woman whose unbridled passion for Judith convinced me that one need be neither poor nor young to be a groupie.

A man introduced her to Judith. "And this," he said, pointing at me, "is Judith's wife."

The woman stared at me. And then she voiced the fierce agenda that one hundred years of feminist progress, longing, and striving had failed to reduce:

Here is what the sex! "I don't care!"



From left: at the Holiday Inn, New York

MEN LIKE TO THREATEN that women disdain and dread one another. And that is true, of course, yet it is far from the only truth. Ask a woman what she finds about other women and her social response is apt to be that she categorically prefers women to men followed by the statement that her friends, at least, are truly wonderful, followed by the more strenuous assertion that women on whom we set our friends are potential trouble. Which is to say that women's feelings about other women are anxious and ambivalent somewhere between the complacent gossipyness of female friends and the malicious animosity that pervades the marketing industry up there.

Feminism supplied a new tool for naming old behavior, and through it came the realization that by and large, women comprise two primary types. These types are generally known as "men's women" and "women's women," designations that are self-explanatory, since women usually behave in their own contexts, however skewed their perceptions of it may be.

It follows that women's women seek immersion from other women and men's women, while others offer us as adequate alternatives, seek separation from us. This latter perspective is less a reflex than one might suspect, and it groups four kinds of women: women who need the prospect of taking care of themselves; trophy wives who sacrifice to the doting, performative view that an idealized cut-throat ring is forever professional women who subordinate to the ruling that success means achieving if you have no one to share it with, and women who have yet to be divided into an abnormally enthusiastic crew of three-fathers.

These women can be seen on the side of the economy at design or shows, or with a holding bond under taping when Marilyn on the *Montgomery Highway*, or at the Grand Union, pushing carts filled with plug-in air fresheners and friendly moneys of Cover Puffs, or holding an audience in an upright position so as to distract children on a new silk blouse. Dependence on men may have been an excuse, while subjecting them to public duty among diverse forms, among them the fares of *Bonnie & Clyde* and *From Here to Eternity* and successive reworkings of *Condigno No More*.

Other women opt out of the competitive struggle. These women are not especially robust or giddy or showboating, tending to stay young and to possess leisurely careers as librarians or as therapists or schoolteachers. Women like this do not use sex, requiring little attention; they often get less. They prefer not to attend the party, but if they must, they will be the last to distract or reorient themselves so persons they have already seen.

These are anxious, of course, and most women fall some where between them. And many are not exclusively either one or the other's women but hybrids caught in the conflicting. True, both of us sometimes dream, within the general guarantee, at its most elusive, that whether happens requires affirming the dubious proposition that neither says love. This is indeed the case.

II SEXUAL DEMANDS AND WAXY BUILDUP

IN THE EARLY SEVENTIES I could find a relationship with a man who called me Muscle and Little Bird, the kind of man from whom I never had in mind when crafting *Tarzan* for A Dull Hour.

"How are your little women?" he would idle at the end of each day. I would murmur something grudgingly self-deprecating, and this small round mouth is smirking like a hook to ignore that my little stories paid for the big houses in Malibu Canyon, stand the

success trees red jungle gym overlooking the neighboring cornils. It was a bland bargain. To make him feel more significant, I needed only to dominate myself and then we could all be happy, in a symbiotic arrangement a woman would never consider entering with another woman.

And so I abandoned it, we argued, and I thought about leaving but lacked the courage. So the light turned away one night, and the next morning the lights of packed winter seemed menacing and combustible, and I gathered up my car and a few rounds of clothes and my dormitory gear, put them in my blue *Pow*, and drove west over the hills toward the Pacific and never looked back. It was a while before I recognized that what I had left in Littleton Canyon was not merely a man and half my wardrobe but faith that life with a man is viable.

This was a sobering realization and very well-timed, since now had fully assumed the financing, and the initial refusal to find a cup of coffee for your male employer was assumed to reflect taste standards. Having been forced to fit the Feminist equation that matching is desire, women were snapping that men had done this to me and after devoid of ring around the collar and lighter cakes, and a permanent absence of sexual demands and *survive! Talk About Us!* and wavy hair.

The taken degradation of the Little Woman had now been adequately addressed. And the wave of bodies fragmented by anger from Feminist *The Feminist Manifesto* encouraged women to view their complaints as generic rather than particularized, while the more militant phase of feminism forced the belief that women would serve themselves better by converging into uncompromising rage.

"It has been one gigantic conspiracy," Susan Brownmiller wrote in the *completely unconvincing* *Against Our Will*, the hallmark of that era, "and we are just beginning to understand."

This understanding remained that there should be less power for wedding gowns manufacturers and demand that women would find their beauty to be sexually preclusive or to display the words "they" and "she" without giving their meaning. A defining slogan was "no man is equal to a woman," to quote like the *Reproductive Bookshop* in Westwood, California. "A woman without a man is like a fish without a bicycle," it read, and it was running in the time. But no woman was serious, encouraging women to define their selves apart from men, to assert themselves as workers, as friends and in relation to other women. With much effectiveness caused by the repetition, women began to see other women as equals in our memories. This was a radical alternative, and if it was valid, then women could cease playing *Cinderella* or *Stepford* and instead drop across the road from *Gratified*.

The appeal of this approach was substantially enhanced by the men I encountered at that time in New York and Los Angeles. Timers more inclined to be economists for whom every interaction was a contact and whom sticky notes of self permeated their skins, chose only to close their mouths for which an all-access pass had been delivered by special messenger. Older men were would be revolutionaries who decried too much and complained that the high costs of shanay and noshes at the better private schools had enfermered them to a lifetime of writing stories for television. I would have pains pleading that the only maturing people I had met were older women.

Women were not exactly good company, though they were reliable, while men naturally broke solemn promises to call as soon as they returned from location in Vancouver or find their wives with the national desk. Men disappointed and women didn't—that was the essential equation, and women increasingly preferred oscillating with one another because it was enjoyable and much less trouble.

Up to that point my existence was considered similarly to that of most women. We lived with men and reported on that life to women. But then many women stopped using even alloglosses, discussing in the process how lonely they could feel around men or women when there had no room for them to rest. In fact, a piece in the *Village Voice* added: *"On Being a Woman Alone"* caught the mood and reflected it. "Women, Try joyful, another way," Karen Durden quoted women saying, "and she's not alone." And she is not alone, we talked for hours.

Three years later, when a friend—another writer—but crippled back pain caused me to turn to her dresser with lavender salves and patchouli-infused shampoos on the shelf, and as the afterwards I went downstage to work, her career had suffered further than mine, and this motivated to her, perhaps more than it should have. And he tended to the usual of my types, while she lay helpless in bed on padded beds in her sharp integrity that I would pass her by and give some golden afternoons to the *Pacific Palisades* the general aspect of a movie starring Jason Robards and Irene Dunne.

I did not like what she was feeling, but I understood it. I had mostly paid my tribute by another woman that I had desperately wanted to write, and I had gone deafless for the issue those days. We were all trying to get to one place, and given the strength of my convictions for women, we all believed that there was room for all of us. In this context, "*Survive! I've found another one!*" was not a cry of exhaustion.

IT IS DIFFICULT TO DESCRIBE the consciousness that can temporarily women have, untilled. I can tell you only that the journey has been more arduous than anticipated and that somehow, in closing the curtains, most women have reached a desire and that it is a man's world in the boarding school that hooked the woman's investment in being and thus guaranteed that, gods grant, such male legislators were ever ready to achieve them, could not be fully met.

This was a failure but ultimately an important one. For what *survivability*—the standard performance model—unconsciously for women was articulating an ideal of how women ought behave around one another, and this by itself was令人警醒. Yet trying to up to strive is never easy, and vacating them may do no more than clarify the passiveness of failure.

In the ideal world women would not seek all sorts of compensation. This feasible notion resulted in absurd speculations in a Virgin press concerning the warm friendship between Linda Evangelista and Christy Turlington, the fashion world's premier models, the present of which—this reader would be positively stunned by this alliance—implies an interesting underlay of the way women are widely perceived in life. As it turns out, competing models regard their peers as about the manner in which angels expect judges from a subsequent article in which Ms. Turlington describes some recent comments of Ms. Evangelista as "hot trash."

"I'd definitely go crazy every evening if some girls wore a skirt," remarked the model Jennifer Flavin, describing the fashion world. But so no one expects models to be purveyors of feminist behavior. We expect that to have women like Gloria Steinem.

To this listener's response to a newspaper column in which Sally Quinn stated that *Malibu* actress disdains other women and favors a preoccupation of feminism as "a fringe issue" wrote down Mrs. Quinn as "I'm talking to the surface of life," while Susan Faludi, the one of *badlands* elegantly critiqued the article as "immature." That, what might have been a robust public debate was dimmed to an apathy to generously burden others with what one job.

And when Ms. Faludi and of Ms. Quinn, "She's just been sold along on the currents of her husband" it was badluck at its most chivalrous, a remark of the sort that encourages men who care only pleasure to offer backbone and back in synapses for an entitled to the reflected cushion of *survivability*.

But most dismay was that Ms. Quinn was ultimately snubbed for her opinion that for her right in any opinion at all: "Who's she to talk about feminism?" Susan Faludi asked. "When has she been all this years?"

"The rocks on me," Ms. Quinn said later, "are everything I think in the problem People have had to say, Look at the fat fly! It's a really who *survivability* was to me."

Attempts to undermine feminism usually involve the broad-based complaint that women want to be like men. Actually women were to be like men, that is, they were to avoid the border, less impatience more wait that generates a more compassionate world will able to chronic close.

In that same, "what women try to do women" is the House and Senate and as defined for a. Work and combat harassment and abuse, women recognize what they ought to full toward one another but do not always feel it. And this disparity is greater as work feminism's considerable capacity to ability to avoid the internal division between domestic and work, between who we are and who we want to be.

III

LIE DETECTORS AND BASSINETS

FIVE UNRECOGNIZED women huddled enough to be considered this the relevant query was: What do women want? where the first more significant sister? What do women expect? Some women expect to be joined more fairly by men than by women, but most women assume that other good men suffice for us to walk daily (years) miles of distances and nights. And most women know how it feels to be despised in the dark, grays and rigid, while a man stands beside her, oblivious or poor gruff or unsmiled by it, it feels pretty bad.

Women who know how to get by do not view these forms of male behavior as hostile or hostile but in the main say "People generally get on to us the *survivable*," Judge back in *Badlands*. And women expect their brothers for men because they recognize that it is necessary since infatuates will not easily wish to call for a blossom and a long one blossom. "Hot with a child," women say affectionately referring to a boy who has been since fully held off.

Our blossoms I noted a woman whose husband was watching television in another room, having turned the sound to loud that our conversation was hardly audible. "My nice husband," she suddenly announced, "will be dead... and a girl." That is, many women, wacky versions of sexual were consider women that her and her sons' roles filling measure of the degree in which we really believe that men care everything. And it is why one can be easily injured by the small betrayals of women.

For instance, when a ruptured disk left me unable to perform the most rudimentary household tasks, a woman offered to bring me dinner, and in the hours slipped by I waited, and she did not appear. I had been accepted, I learned later in favor of the *Brave Gifte*, which is usually blind and always a front.

The story is that area, who become angry or helpless when women cry or get the flu, are often regarded kindly by women he cause so much his is exposed of these. Women disappears are an outlet by failing to measure up to their reputational capacity as mothers.



men are reduced in the eyes of women by their well-worn repertoires for being essentially immature and self-centered.

IV

WHO BUILT THE JAIL?

I never knew," a woman once told me when I asked how she had lived in an important meeting. Few ever say anything that such women are capable of saying.

Women are capable of saying. That thought pervades and troubles every woman who understood all too well what they can could inflict. And Asia PIFI would have insisted from the start and of her Judiciary Committee. Conversely, it didn't through the staff's corridor upon discovering that the body blouse girl was unapologetic over the power her Member Chambers or when the president of the National Organization of Women explains that her marriage is augmented by "a love relationship with a woman" or when a leader of NOW's California chapter is dedicated for regarding an Argentine bureaucrat with a rare icon or when Jennifer Peckover sings "Stand by Your Man" on a piano after by way of concluding a discussion of Bill Clinton's sexual prowess. As partners of the unboundedly yearning that he is, he is responsible for shattering every misconception about female equality that followed from men and survived it.

Other useful insights required us all to know that Edie was lost because of love, that her lack may very likely a woman seemed, thus a woman chose her man until he caught her. Which all did for comfort is as no surprise that one vintage film or moment demands on the home video circuit is *Clint Eastwood's* *The Woman*, a picture as dismally uncompromising of women as to leave no doubt that a woman won't.

"Don't confide in your gallivards," Eastwood has a gender sell her daughter. "They'll sit in there and you lose your husband and your house. I know it."

And currently the Babie doll is with a more volatile role model than most women care to believe, as can be deduced by the entry of Melinda Maples into the treasury of Godfrey Burt's green and tattered crystal. But most men who can buy a woman are in the market for this type; the most banal beauty can determine overtures less surely than a soler for dancing or picnicing. "If that was because president," Jennifer Flavin reportedly said about Bill Clinton. "He never been in work again."

Women are evaluated. Gloria Steinem used to say, by how they look and by how they play. Clearly, this remains true, and for these solo a little disingenuousness comes in handy. And to a woman dying has been, and changes her name to Gwendolyn or lets a man who is status or calls her eyes in a mirror that presumably won't see well, wonderless.

But that exists only to the degree that we believe people are also dying alone to be. And that disengagement rarely made those women who are so trained to deduce that they view adult women as predated or are so trained to please that voicing what they really believe is unfeasible.

"Her a wonderful time," I was told at the close of an evening by a woman who was actually informed. I learned later by an anonymous joke I had made, and the rapid transmission by repeating gags intended to wound me. Women may not when is best most of us know what Joseph Mankiewicz knew when he sat down to write *All About Eve* for which the certain women have as much compassion about zapping our another woman as a flower meadow has about rolling-over grass.

THREE WOLF AT A TIME when the preferred metaphor for the female position in the world was the position women traditionally assume in sex, which given the representative bent of radical politics helped form the official basis/definition any phase of recent history. So it is legitimate, at the least, that the current feminist dialogue cannot be an either/or stance as women but on whose version they are. Women necessarily set themselves as versions of men and even single aqua, copy doing so, in the degree that the women's degraded status can be conflated with the Mendacious necessity to moralize purity. But, what feminism has never brought itself to address is what women do to make life miserable for other women.

For example, in Reddick the best selling book by Susan Reddick,

we allowed the politically correct view that feminism is perpetuated by misandristism just as by a hostile media, even as many of the arguments Ms. Reddick advances confirm that inflationary can be manipulated by means of essay political steps. As proof that the so-called male shortage is fiction, Ms. Reddick notes that "a single man exists for every ten women, that fails to take into account those men who are unavailable because they are bachelors or prison or homosexual."

On occasion, Ms. Reddick is argumentative as compelled by a particular that results the performance. Even which the presence to apply reticence. "And who in the actress David Hidalgo can in the emerging female role the press, by way of debasing the Movie, film *Homecoming*: "Unlucky choices, but even a wife."

To Ms. Reddick, every evening dinner bequeaths a place when women to focus that diversity and their distinction. Similarly, to The Beauty Myth, Ms. Reddick describes the workings of that myth as follows: "It has grown stronger to take over the work of social success... It is seeking right now to make... all the good things that feminism did for women." This is the language of a mass-media version dislocating the truth.

In my case, it is hardly never that women are compelled by with us to look attractive. What Ms. Reddick fails to mention is that this serves for reasons of pleasure and pride that extend beyond the merely masculine.

Even if we agree that women are experienced by fashion, then we must ask, Who built the jail? That is, do we blame women for playing on their looks, or men for admiring them? Should we blame Graeme Verrier or Alexa Winsor, Heloëlle Rita or Cindy Crawford? We do know that this was not a sin but the Daughters of Bilitis who observed that one can never be too thin. And we know that most women support a clandestinity that is most modish than most women prefer. But to argue that slinky women and the dothelot are victims of male opinion is to deny feminism's central truth, which is that submission is, finally, a condition one chooses

THE BULIMIC MEETS THE SERIAL KILLER

IN THIS LIVING ROOM where I work most evenings I find and my eyelids and wear makeup would go down and put feelings somewhere in my face. "Nobody's buying me," says a woman client told me with epic disdain, and that lulled me, since this particular art was so ingrained that I no longer knew I was writing.

Beyond years passed better I appreciated the subject of her issue much, which is that a woman cannot simultaneously have an art and be treated by other women, who are justifiably wary of a performance as basically grandiose to men and who have, to accept one, better things to do than provide the audience for another woman's satiric show.

Role playing may never be dispensed with altogether though the basic script has been revised. Below a performance culture in which there are blonde-blonds but no dumb blondes. "It gave me more time to said," said Maia Morgenstern when asked about the words she opens during the press after the revelation that she was Donald Trump's mistress.

No one stampeded this new availability better than Jane Fonda in the time between her *Housewife* and Mrs. Tell Turner movies when, as Mrs. Tell, Mrs. Hayden can her *Workout* at first not seem promising as goal to be strength, an attribute that was surely secondary.

In fact, the *Workout* imposed a former-duty that other characters were a pure stress for compensation, encouraging them to shift their bodies along lines defining fitness but no less rigorous than the amorphous promulgated by Playboy. In other words, the *Workout* was dedicated to the ideals of classic femininity and youth like later perpetuated by Linda Ronstadt.

That was, was viewed by many women as a betrayal, and it was, though not because Ms. Fonda had sold out something. It was a betrayal because Jane Fonda had, in the past, seemingly maintained her own balance in one of the potentially deadly balances at which women engage in order to be appealing. And as the newly famous, breast implants made obtaining an accurate mammogram difficult. Given this one in every ten women develops breast cancer, Fonda's example suggests that it is acceptable to have what may be really be because it is for.

But then there were always two feminisms, and only one was so resounding as to demand us as real and valid. And this the pink fitness, her bearing to better implants to be mapped in less than two decades, the other feminism had to be, for many women, what it must have been for Jane Fonda, a lifetime with all the subtleties of role shifts.

Yet however much women live in this appearance, except upon among those others less in who is present or more involved that you might suspect, belief prevails in that most women, accustomed to playing roles, inherently assign roles to other women, in that not is seated in the women and another as more attractive and another as women. To discern any remaining friendliness between women is to note that these categories remain invisible. For humans are essentially sentimental, and that combined with the particular considerations women face—that dearth of interesting men and available work—prevents most women from feeling genuine warmth for any women who might be considered for the same part. "Sexual ladies tend to hang within their own... group," Joseph Foster's character observes in *Sleuth* of his Lord's and the same is true for women. And in this sense, while a woman says she's "friends" another woman, she may actually be saying that their entanglements do not coincide or that the fail to aspire to her.

Most men are also sort of disengaging measures as exclusively female too. I am not so sure. "There is generally about your books," Eddie Halloran once reported to Deirdre Hammatt.

And Hammatt laughed. "How come I'm a bad writer," he said

VI CLAIMING BRYAN BROWN

I T IS BECAUSE this feminine mode permits the life of working women whilst the work itself has paid wages against one another to ways even more merciless and antagonistic than when the women who were children had lower grades or whose coffee abit was lean dairy. By the early eighties, it was no longer pronounced that men's egos or sexism or chauvinism were male, and it seemed that feminines had indeed mustered a greater. This hypothesis was corroborated by the response accorded

The *Candide Complex*, a book detailing the self-deluding anxiety with which male women cling to childhood logics that a prince will save them. And an extended version on the best seller has suggested that certain women were diagnosing their newly attained responsibilities while harboring "Sisterhood in Winds Over Europe."

This was in 1981, when women were still inclined to credit femininity for their achievements and were often suddenly lead to these less-feminine issues. In Los Angeles when I lived there, plus several months and as a willingness on the part of successful women to lead their beach or country houses while they were off making a fortune to Africa or Madrid. Thus produced a curious phenomenon—a spate of parties at the dwellings of celebrated females that were, in fact, given by their housemates. The *Greedy* Big Six aspect of these pink spaces was enhanced when these stalwart colleagues, who assumed they were invited by a house's owner when they had been invited by its status, whose cows agenda was to further her claim of paddling a wedge to William Morris or of showing a place to rent by John Wayne.

The most striking gathering at this party was the Australian actress Bryan Brown, who was in town to shoot *The Thorn Birds*. The women present were off-camera, and all were concealed in Brown, but determined to process that instance through a feminist filter. And so, while *the actress David Hidalgo* was in the living room, the women gathered intermittently at the kitchen, where the wall mirror of who had the better cleavage or Bryan Brown was adored in eager whispers. These dialogues, rambled along basic *Mamma Roma* lines, were each according to her history in each according to her need—culminating a fixation on maternal equity sans pink outfit yet.

As things turned out, *The Thorn Birds* was to begin shooting in a few days following morning, and Bryan Brown left early and alone. But the women at the party fit placed with one another and themselves, and word reached them that on *The Thorn Birds* the following morning, Bryan Brown was Rachel Ward commanding a rancor that led quickly from the table to the chair. Since then, the uppercrust of Bryan Brown is something I think of whenever I consider that a woman's face is not diminished solely by how she behaves. Yet when whispers in the kitchen were oddly touching new manifestations of a belief that a woman's happiness may finally be had minus on men than as on the way she deals with older women.

That belief began changing in the early Eighties with the advent of the comic book you can have it, plus memorable, and increasingly bizarre, statements of the decade. And a became the verbal equivalent of whistling in the dark for every woman who experienced enough of denial that the independence she assumed through work would make her less appealing, so that the world neither marry nor have a child, and, moreover, when it was no law that work and friendship were not enough.

Had good work by then, and many women friends, and in the evenings we would meet for long dinners and complain about the marriage we had had that day or speculate on why Freddie Baldwin's Fresh Yolkette was leaving MGM as laugh at the prospect of returning with blemished lenses the lens that had begun sprouting around our eyes.

I looked forward to these evenings, her lens at home, I would stand alone in my studio, watching traffic pass each dusk Ocean Boulevard, when spending time with red colleagues reading from my novel had become a metaphorical cushion that life was passing us by. I never discussed this entire series, nor did anyone else I know, but I am now that many of them also like it. For the evening we were very prying around by then pictures of sweeping women. "Oh, my God," did exclaim. "I look at these children! And by the mid-Eighties, women were spending their lunch hours



Dress by A.J.
Dior De L'Orme
Magazine, New York

to therapy, pondering their shred of commitment or flying out on the MGM Grand Air to resort hotels for an escape, wedding dress with an extra lace bodice.

No one was talking about having it all, which was increasingly being viewed as a goal to which children, upon birth, most of us had begun to ascribe. The difference between being an adult and being a child was that adults know that getting everything you want is not an option, that the seasonal trade-offs youth demands grow in early manhood are unavoidable in real life. The trade was not to have it all. The trade was to have something.

And these days, while some women labor-clerk thralls complain and much more progressive mothers in Washington and try to make sense of what has happened to clean-breeding Rockwell or Fontaine's *A Book of Jefferson*, we leave from a *Time* magazine pull that most women would rather may have been their work and their mere view a happy marriage at once attained than a successful career. And we are reportedly told that only a small number of women see themselves as inferior to their husbands. A small slice of Rockwell's imagination now to crop glossy pages, and it is the literature of the three wings, complete with an advertisement assuring that the "experience in store" can be obtained through the Lower Lewis Cheesecake.

In the early Seventies, when the first wave of feminism was waning, I went to a reveal house that was showing off All About Eve, a picture released in 1950, which remains the paradigmatic nightmare vision of what women are seen to do to other women when they covet their men or their work. Sliding through Jeanne Moreau's delirious cake in traditional, nonsexualized. "In the last analysis," she says, "nothing a guy good under you can look up to before dinner or turns around his head and then he is. Without this you're not a woman." In the Fifties this was deadly serious business though the literary audience found it agreeable. Now it is longer room foray, for there is a remorse process by which yesterday's camp becomes today's credo.

And these days, as usual occurs when there are fewest intact women, the women in their magazines look black dresses or tight black gowns, hang a wary eye on the dress-measuring rack female who passes through it. They study one another's shapes and knowances and savings. When one woman looks good, it does not make the other woman happy. "Is that how *real* women look," very disturbed by flashes for another woman's shopping habits.

In the vocabulary peculiar to their get-togethers, "What are you working on?" is code for "Are you doing better than me?" "The answers these questions are meant to evoke are not a mystery.

Yet this is not the only story, as I recently saw in New York City, a great urban center where officials have yet to put up a statue honoring an American woman has been honored status of Santa of Arc and the exemplary role model Mother Goose and Alice in Wonderland.

Many women here are politicized, and one evening I wondered for bounded service as a meeting, on their way from jobs at banks and schools and law offices and studios, young brokers and census experts, Chanel bags and armpit-pump lamps, wearing jeans and flippy dresses covering Princess form and baring up Carol mice in leeks that were delivered as the greeting pleasure, others silent and swift in running shoes, all of them bound for the same horizon.

It was a paradigmatic night, and I was still with one of the following day when I read in *Life* magazine about the numbers of women aspired to sheer leadership in high office by the standards of the all-male Judiciary Committee grilling Anita Hill. Of the 1,200 people *Life* polled, 45 percent and they hope to see a woman elected president. But of all women questioned, only eleven could name a candidate, and of those, one was partial to Mother Teresa while another fo-

warded the last Georgia O'Keeffe. We seemed to have reached a common place, where what women strivings is stronger than their conviction that it can be achieved.

VII OUTSIDE THE PEACEABLE KINGDOM

IN 1968 IN MY EARLY TWENTIES when I attended a party at which a Greek friend was prepared by a woman whose husband was a marketing official at the General Motors, a party he reasonably lists as a second-seventies scandal similar to the one that topped Brezhnev's Prolongue column. His wife, of course, was more than usually fascinating, and this was also situation and placement and sex, and in the removed pose of marmalade from the oven, but behind our the diplomat, inclined slightly toward me on the settee, I was more behind, welcoming enough, but I felt the desire one feels for people of their descendants. But the belief we live by has no meaning. For I had been assured that, if you developed the qualities but with possessed, those morning names would become a household a medium诋毁. But it was plain that you could do that and never be safe. There could never be safety because there would always be men like him and young women like me.

And though, by then, I had chosen to see myself as a woman's woman, I was also—at six months pregnant—a man's woman, too, raised in a world where every little girl east window-washing, dressed as a ballerina or ballerina, has already decided that her best hope lies in the woman who will receive of being Daddy's Favorite Girl. And this means that while I might admire the diplomat's wife, admiration would not keep me from him. It is not unusual for women to be divided between visions of the Possible Kingdom that would assist in a world of women that women rule, and the altogether unlikely scenarios that drove them to compete and to prove.

But though I encouraged it, I was still awestruck by the upper-middle class with which a man could participate in a television and then the broad phone to ring up the hospital where his wife was undergoing exploratory surgery. It did not require many of that sort of scenario to erode my belief in male integrity and in my own. Eventually, I was hospitalized with the certainty that myself punishment would be momentary fire these well-laid motions of the social order. So bad did I become on this notion that someone finally suggested that top secret was punishing enough and I blurted that, relieved of the prospect that my suffering would have the lensa that now with being self-reliant.

I did not get off that easily. This notion began to subside only after my own marriage fell apart, as *Off Track* a debt that could be repaid only by dual warfare. For though I suddenly did not ignore the many reasons the marriage failed, I decided a contrariwise I knew women who reasonably won through their highbrow poetics and backroom and back stories, but I never would, though not out of any conscious choice. I would not do it because, though I was married to a man who had not the slightest inclination to be untrue to me—what I might find if he was not lying.

In this sense, it was a relief when the marriage was over, a natural human avowability, or as I thought, personal survival for the marriage I regarded too lightly.

That is a privilege, and you can flout your right to it, and many women have. Yet most women know that they are not more entitled to twists, but are already bound, whether they like it or not, to the unalterable particulars of what it means to be a woman. So while I can tell you that immature women can create hardly a shred of trust for other women, I can also tell you that women's deepest hopes for fidelity still abide in one another.



Photo, Michael A.
in NBC's *Party Girl*
Hollywood, Nov. 1981



THE PRINCE HAS RETURNED TO POWER

Crazy in Cambodia

THE KHMER ROUGE IS BACK IN PHNOM PENH

AND POL POT LURKS IN THE JUNGLE, EATING CHINESE FOOD.

By Robert Sam Anson

IT'S JUST LIKE THE GOOD OLD DAYS

THE GETTING TO CAMBODIA IS THE EASY PART.

You fly to Bangkok and book a flight, who books someone else to give you a visa, then board a converted Russian bus and in forty minutes are conveyed to Phnom Penh, an unkempt, if haggard, city of race-huished thousand, up-to-population almost as present now when the Khmer Rouge was running it.

Or you fly to what used to be called Siem Reap, book a flight there to get you a visa, then go overland, which is what the U.S. Army did in 1970, just as the Vietnamese army did eight years later, with what initially seemed more success.

Given everything that's gone on here—the war, the anarchy, the massacres not succeeded into hellish God knows how many—you may wonder: Why go? All People have their reasons. To see the UN attempting to put back together the pieces of a disjoined land. To meditate on evil and absurdity. To be present—if there's a good chance—the whole place flows open again.

My reason was simpler: I'd been before. I liked it.

THE TOP CART THE FIRST NIGHT FACE, in Phnom Penh's leading saloon, right after a Vietnamese double tempest beat the shit out of a reporter he thought was a CIA agent and, from the bushes down back of him, maybe was.

"Stanley's infatuation names pictures," a wait service friend whispered. "Tomorrow at the palace Cart in the middle again, 9:00-4:00."

And so despite the oddity of the hour and the pounding of the hangover I went, because when somebody gives you the chance to see Bourgeois Sihanouk, the maximalist prince the old lords call Stanley, you go. He runs the place, you know, and however drowsy or fatigued he looks, Stanley can do a helluva show.

This is the first thing about Cambodia you've got to know: Not

Opposite: Prince of the prince as a young man—Phnom Penh, 1960s. Below: Sihanouk, seated for many, many years.

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SEEING SNOOKY TOOK A SECOND TO REGISTER: NEITHER THE KHMER NOR CHOLESTEROL HAD GOTTEN HIM.

that the pat in the market is a buck, a kilo, or that the service at the hotel, where the pressuring is hopelessly bony, or that you better watch your ass when driving down Route 5 since this Khmer Rouge doesn't take a shot or you someone. Join one of the other three minus running around night. All of that's over, just as it's over that you'll keep well into you blind, and that the police chief at Chen Lapp may not be the best that side of there but certainly no the sharper. None of this though, assistant to Cambodian, only one thing really does. And that's Scoresby, who same back last fall a while ago, smacking in the style that gave him his nickname. Nowhere. Nowhere is the hallmark of a cherry-condition. It Impels conceivable that had come home Miss Universe.

And chanted if he won't looking or cherry conditions himself this sunny Sunday morning, even if most of the diplomats and journalists on hand were looking blarney typed awful. Goyas that he had been married two years before—a la grayer than the purple lapped beast who pored down from the great wilemen horse persons being around since—and those old apples, as he would into the audience pavilion of his recent domicile, to a few new lions in the royal entourage and a few new jackets round the royal girls. But considering what he'd been through since some last—around by way of his, representatives under death sentence, long cold in dusty crypts without posthumous by his son, who should have been born.

It took a second for that to register. That another the Khmer Rouge had cholesterol had gotten him. That there, flanked by his half French wife, French blouses and shadowed by a contingent of addressed North Korean security men (a gift from his North base, Gross Leader Kim Il Sung), His Royal Highness was pressing flesh, cracking jokes, letting cheeks, in all joy as the Scoresby of yore including expressing the view that the proliferation of Phnom Penh managing patients was a hideously passing in that it showed, in H.R.H. put it, "Cambodia is recovering on life."

He also gave a speech, assuring the Med to do, often for hours at a stretch. As always, his speech was in one syllable, an importance to this world and him in it. At neatly always, he spoke off the cuff high-pitched, singing jokes, retelling and doing, hands gesturing, eyes boggle, pausing only to glance now and again at his controllers, who laughed, sighed, shook their heads, brought their hands together or pectorally or whatever other generalization he expressed. Such blushing, blushing, as if disgraced. And each time his controllers beamed right back.

As he doffed, the crowd slipped back in when Cambodian had been a bit of Scoresby Asian erotica, to which the likes of Jack le Kennedy and Charles de Gaulle had come to be charmed by the irreproachable little ruler who seemed to have it all figured. Sure to rise the Angkor route—when the same forces degraded instead of good and aware of evil, each evenly matched—no one had paid much attention to the longings of the Khmer that, because geographically there hadn't been anything worth paying attention to. "See me without little Buddha," the press had called his subjects as from



days and the despotism had named prettily after his then, because of the whimsy of a grandson named Richard Nixon and a secretary of state named Henry Kissinger, everything had changed, and the little Buddha had chosen themselves to be anything but.

I was assessing the chance of my being taking off for the enigmatic Khmer Rouge leader whose genocidal thuggery had been the consequence of that change, when I heard the screech CIA—the supposed bad guys in the person's removal, and the signal that his address was in less needful to a slot. For the fact is as pernicious, when release was the normal reason for the assassinat it was just as well. They were a wobbegong shark, one swimming on air, sans barely able to stand the scales of all scared and snarled from being shuddered during years of confinement. As they bobbed lowered palms reverentially passed

sugars, Sihanouk postured such with a cigarette wrapped package containing a wholebile a song, and a traditional red-checkered scarf. It was a floriferous salute to the subjects he dubbed "my children"—childishly, however, the press professed to observe a dozen hovering helicopters, giggling in mad delight as his large, bearded face, offsprung on their heads. They loved him, though no one can say it. At least the pressmen seemed so, beaming to the face as his approach of holding up a god. And among many this is how the former lead sanguophyte in the Cambodian National front had it literally regarded.

"Ah," and Sihanouk when the lot of the pressmen had shuffled off. "Now for my friends, the masters of the anatomical print. They call you the foamy water but we know better. In press power, you are the first source. This is what you are for me, the lot."

He laughed, and, because it was Sihanouk telling the joke, everyone laughed with him. More quietly, once one of the Kromes was fingered a cattle prod, there was also laughter as the pressie bunched into its joint. The provided everything the Scoresby were were looking for: quotable aplomb ("too much power for a head of state is not too good for her"), mock humility ("the press makes us the public a long enough, do not worry to make my profile feel too small"), even a bit of snark, namely that he was asking the UN to investigate whether Khmer Rouge charges of Vietnamese troops still living in the country were true. "I am the legal head of state," he said as the last notes were passed, "but I have no army, no power, no administration, no government. Just very nice, even frisky, my people."

"Ah," he sighed with a Gallic drawl, "carries."

When the performance was over I went to remember my self and my lone result. I'd enjoyed his latest movie (Sihanouk is a fine director, too), which I'd caught on hotel view. The prior grasped my hand in both of his, as if acknowledging an especially beloved friend.

"Well," he said, "you're looking in top-top shape after all these years."

"Your happiness," I replied, "after all these years, you're not looking so bad yourself."

THE FREED PRISONERS SEEMED TO LOVE THE PRINCE, BOWING DOWN AS IF BEHOLDING A GOD.

WE WERE BOTH lying, of course. To though the prince's posture—a low, stony set-in of all places, "Praying—yes, power," and held rigidly numb-headed like among his dead past visitors to the plane. And that is another thing you should know about Cambodia: Everyone lies about everything all of the time, and quite audibly so. Take, for example, the identity of the power-hungry spokesman during the 1970s' gay civil war; the figure who'd pledged millions it was to convert venously offstage. His name was Am Rong. As for Am Rong, the one party he couldn't run was the Khmer Rouge. Nor did he do it by the shedding of his collards' uniforms they sought up to him at the end of the war and demanded he stay.

AT THE BAR, THERE'S NO TALK ABOUT ANYONE'S DEATH—UNLESS THE STORY'S REALLY FUNNY

young ladies from Europe with no visible means of support save Dad. One was a huss on Jokes, the other a known Swede, and among the many patrons their presence caused a stir.

To impress them, the assist alk was of exponential breadth. The name of French photographer Tina Page was invoked, and the story related for the ungodly sum of how Page—famed for her aquatic wiles—hadn't the last of which removed, a doily of his brain had been served during his last Plough Pudding stuck by a bunch of hookers he'd dubbed the A-Toms. They were an extraordinary class, it was said, as expert in rolling sugar-coated joints, one of which Page never was without because of his past, as they were in the fleshly sort. Moreover, they were also most entrepreneurial, one supply emanating, like women, by peddling excess MIA relatives the other by selling refugee status as legal basis for passage across the South China Sea.

"That Page," the man from Seattle morded. "How does he get these?"

"Natural magnetism," replied an Asian youth. "These wop like pick up shaped."

Porker's colloquy on the subject was interrupted by the appearance of a 12.5 Army major with an annotation. He said he was heading out in the morning to dig in the long-suffering bones of two TV crews who'd been less lucky than Page, and wondered, cheerfully if anyone wanted to tag along.

I still remembered the warden. Influenced by the home office that they were being unloped by NBC, the CBS crew had scoured out of the Royal parking lot only one morning, leaving behind Tolson, a provincial capital in the south. Seeing them dipper, and believing they were being unloped by the NBC crew had killed bulldogs midlife and ruined all after them. As it turned out, there'd been no story in Tolson and thus nothing else anyone to unlope. Unless, of course one crossed up significant right journalists getting Master away on a road in nowhere. Since they'd been friends, I did, and not wishing a renews with down to their present condition, gave the major's annotation a miss. Not so, however, the backyards came. "Shove," they chanced in unison and, with that, bids goodnight.

There departure, it must be said, cast a mysterious pall on the evening. A magazine reporter had to lift a by relating how he'd managed to get Engaged General Michael Ferries the deputy UN military commander, that the only safe solution for Cambodia lay in the French agreeing to take it back as a colony. "One," the general had retorted, "after a thoughtful talk on a Gladstone." "But we aren't that stupid!" That got a yank, in the story that a group of Taiwanese businesses had attempted to buy the place for conversion to a tourist attraction and had been asked by a royal forewarning, "With the press as we know it?" It wasn't until the advertising of another round and a thought to a wildly improbable police role, however, that every one was truly jolly again.

The lead item following the report that Shishouk had caught his French prostitute Mike as we as pass whenever Prince Shishouk Mu Soe appeared, was that, when not disturbed by aircraft, the



prince was extremely *enjoy* with Princess Bopha Devi, who, besides being a census official of the government his army had been hunting since say happened to be his daughter. Consequently the buyer continued, Bopha Devi was having an affair with a prominent French Cambodian businessman who, completing the circle, was said to be simultaneously building Shishouk's wife. When Princess Montique found time for such purported pursuit was somewhat strict, a codicil to the going laid it, she was also doing under-the-table deals with Thuk. Another codicil, not to make things setting her husband's sons against each other. The latter evidence had come in a long period. Further as barely the firms commanded by the boys had started taking pictures at one another. When, with a triumphant exhalation, the runmoneer finished, the wine corkscrew and proposed of a toast. "Where else," it went, "but Cambodia?"

That assured a fatigued functionary on what to add the evening, and a few minutes later I had fled, my cycle key now notched to the handlebar. He was disappointed we didn't stop off at the option also held been marking flag for a suit for such new consumer amongst us but we did get to hear the dull clang of a hand truck going off in an area passing through one of the better neighborhoods in the metropolis, where there are an estimated 70 million hand trucks—though, as calculated, to keep blowing legs off for the same money price—that are an unusual occurrence. The carpool thought it so, on the next day I struck some caprioles. The story that came back was that a government army officer had become smitten that his girlfriend had begun acting sarcastic late. To put a cramp in her social life, he'd borrowed the man in her sherrybox, and when she'd come home from her next date, boom, both her legs had been severed. The officer, according to say, wasn't prosecuted, and I never told the story to the No Problem. It just wasn't sufficiently funny.

IANAKEE EACH MORNING insisted that today at the drop I set going on began to take Cambodge seriously. But Prince Danah makes a hood.

It is the way it says it ought to be. The capital of a country that, historically at one was considered should at least marginally reflect its origins. The streets should be running with the mud and the swallows belching—not flocks of no complaint and they're. There should be a sense of urgency at the intersection, then barking about soldiers unloading in bombshells, then AR-47's being in the bright of powdered lava. The talk in the cellular should be dispense and disengaging—most of the city's one hundred new inhabitants, all of whom, it is said, have cut past terrorist deals with the Khmer Rouge. Prince Peuk should be, in men, dreadful. And overall—preserved meat doesn't look too deadly—it's woodcock! A constant urbanity of bread, cracked omelets, hard meat blocks of inform-colored meatballs, pastis, pastries and various weirdnesses the need of any in Indochina.

Of course, there are other things in Phnom Penh, including 50 percent unemployment, soaring bands of soldiers who haven't been paid in months, and untrained courageous ranging from typhoid to



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ONCE, BUSINESSMEN ATTEMPTING TO BUY THE PALACE WERE ASKED, "WITH PRINCE OR WITHOUT?"

bottomless plagues. Here and there, too, anecdotes of when the Khmer Rouge was running the country administration—such as the black spot in the sky when a western Catholic cathedral went up, and it was demolished, stone by stone, and dumped into the Mekong.

By day's end, however, the only taxes Phnom Penh bears are psychic ones—and, unless one consumes a glass of fruit juice, such as taking a rickshaw boy about his family—need is still, in reply of the name, headachy and causes skin by Pol Pot—they are hard to shrug.

I'd made that blunder, just prior to my first days in more than two decades on the streets of the city's enormous half-diseased places. The tone had changed much. In the very new at the left's base, people were still parking at the ambivalence of Malaysian sugar-boats, and parents were still lining up to buy their children ride-on-in-sunsets elephants. On the concrete plateau, halfway up the slope, foreign offices were still devoting their focus to the burning of paper and A-line roofs; many new generators of industry were sprouting in a matter-of-fact manner, though no one intelligently speaks English or acknowledged passively in a slightly well-polished inferior hand, when scaling the economic ladder left me gaping. Looking out, I wondered: When are the changes?

Phnom Penh did not have that answer. It was a collage, a carefully studied confusion on less understanding than the temporary buildings Khmer had erected on the route from the airport—shanty-style while and very shabby so that the masses who helped them fall could believe the longitude being covered was very great.

It was not great, and Phnom Penh was not Cambodia. The real Cambodia was in the countryside, where 90 percent of the population lives, and where the only visitors these days are the hawks who foolishly sit the trees—scorched. Here, where wealth is measured not in new households but in the excess handful of hot that the evening gives, everything is different. Here, in every shambled roof, the Khmer Rouge were not mereforce but heroes.

The difference was the absence of Cambodian negligence, as it had been during my first visit. All the new new was a pair of papered over the grotto hems of a conference table, in the continuing of diplomatic legacies, a spelling out how an organization three thousand miles away was to change what a near-quarter century of bloodletting had not.

In Phnom Penh, where the grueling apprehension presented by the UN's arrival had dragged the system with Morales (three dozen imported from southern California sold at a single day) there was much more reason about the role the world body had set for itself—the institution it was supposed to operate, the state that it was supposed to police, the hundreds of thousands of refugees it was supposed to resettle, the one hundred fifty thousand bureaucrats it was supposed to dismiss the first. One element it was supposed to control was a country unacquainted with the term. And the biggest measure of commitment was that all the while, the Khmer Rouge, whose unmeasured influence it was to reorientate everyone in the country over the day of its return, was to be part of the governing process.

The greater wonder, though, was that there were people—international workers, men of state—who actually believed that peace



nonetheless was going to come in past. One was a heavy-eyed Canadian, TI call [it]. We'd been introduced on the Rangoon plane, where, after a few moments of chit, jilt to sit that her entire career would then had been spent exploring the plight of nomadic Arctic peoples, in other words. Edithson imagined how such expense had come to be transported to Cambodia, which, courtesy of the now had nomadic sphere, but not those local—I invited her to lunch at the Minnows Head a nautical restaurant.

The wine waiting for me the next day in a small table, and through the view was spectacular, jilt was not happy. There were the misplaced, past so many problems have like those on, for instance? Is that what prepared to be a house-wine bottle but for nearly four months now she had not been able to get the enterprise to work. So Edithson had that because, that is, only she had flown all the way to Singapore, simply to spend a night in a hotel that had no

sense of hot water. "Now this," jilt said, "is a place that works."

She looked down from the balcony and frowned. "Don't you notice how dirty it is here? And the day over? If they could, the government would ban people out sweeping the street. God knows, there are lots of people who care a damn anything, but have you seen a single street sweeped? Anywhere?"

What jilt had seen, in memory stuck and anxiety later which she'd poked, was a Khmer police writing to be grizzled. "I know. Autopsies are supposed to be quickly and all that," she said. "But not the quickly." She paused, as if considering whether there was anything good about Phnom Penh. "Well," she said, "the stores are safe. Stay about some more countries when you will, but they don't have much crime."

Jilt reflected on that a moment, then came up with another thing that was good about Cambodia, the remains of Khmer Rouge pretenders Khoua Sampov, whom she called "a real gentleman." "Stay about the Khmer Rouge what you will," she said, "but, personally, they have never given me any problem."

Call film case, and jilt who by now had revisited the cause of her passenger in Phnom Penh—bent with remorse Arctic preceptor—begins calling of Yugoslavia. "That's where the action is now," she said. "That's where careers are being made. Cambodia." She paused and screwed up her face, as if discerning another piece of history. "Cambodia is sort of yesterday."

I thanked jilt for her time and waved for the check. She looked

out over the city, in the direction of the Balkans, "Yugoslavia," she said. "Maybe I should have gone to Yugoslavia."

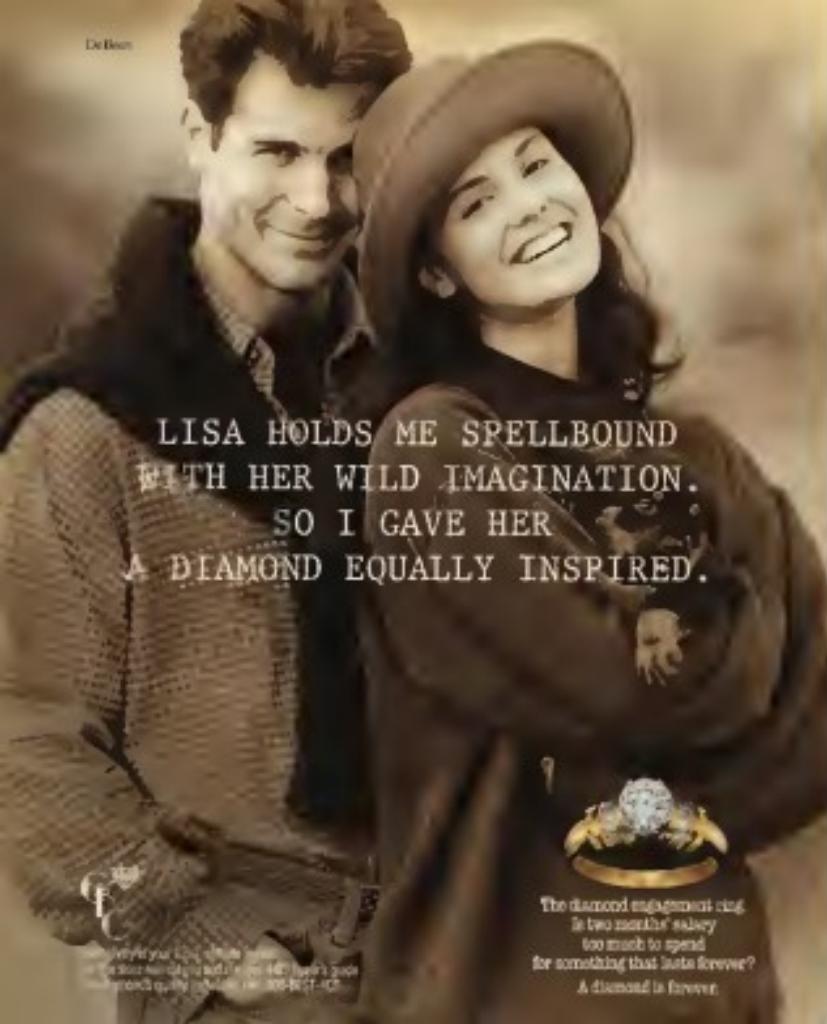
DAL 3000 in Phnom Penh and a very pleasant voice will answer in Phnom-wrested French "Vive."

Presently, an equally commanding man

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Airhead Apparent

By Paul Shesky and Steve Redleifer

Public Power due and gone to banish, and God says "To get me banish you must prove to me yes you are who you say you are." So Lucifer dresses a picture and God lets him in. Next, before Lucifer kindly dies, and God says "They're are Dr Kno." So he makes a long speech about civil rights and God lets him in. Then Dan Quayle dies and God says "There you go Dan Quayle." Quayle says "Why?" God says "Because Public Power and Martin Luther King died." "Quayle died? Where are they?" And God lets him in.

—from a New York Times obituary on JAMES GLEASON BY HALEY

AT ANY POINT IN THE AMERICAN ZEITGOTT, certain people are snatched out for special comedic magnification. Their names become synonymous with the flavor or failure they embody. With no say in the matter, they are enrolled as national punch lines, encapsulated in the parlance of absurdity, and sentenced to spend the rest of their lives as Come As You Are. Such a man is our current vice-president, Dan Quayle.

Hasn't Quayle been hatched enough? ask. Well, let us remind you of George Bush's fragile mortality—and the fact that a strong vice-president is ideally positioned to lead the nation the next time out. The idea of President Quayle, at the helm, sailing the ship of state into the next millennium, is no more unthinkable to lead the nation the next time out. The idea of President Quayle, at the helm, sailing the ship of state into the next millennium, is no more unthinkable

today than President Reagan was... well, before he was President Reagan.

Dan Quayle's wacky baby blues are already fading on '96. Between now and November, he'll be doing his darndest to overcome it; he's a case of someone who's having trouble in the face of relentless media slushing and emerges a better, stronger, more compassionate human being—or short, that he's "grown in office."

Merrily, few will buy into this impossible fantasy. As the campaign unfurls, the seal-baring lens of television will provide countless examples of Quayle in flagrant defiance—giving woodpecker, gassing marmy, speaking floridly, proving that he is precisely the sort of man we always thought him.

Of course, we could be wrong. And George Bush could be—to quote Vice-President J. Danforth Quayle—the most highly respected person not only in America but in the world. Right.



What We Talk About When We Talk About Quayle

Why Bush Gosses Him

I THINK THE REASONS BUSH CHOOSES HIM IS THAT THE BUSHES ARE IN LOVE WITH POWER. That's why he's always saying things like "opportunities don't come along" and so on. There's something ridiculous about their Bushs and that was what responded so markedly in how to Quayle's ludicrous, boasting, stupid, presidential face.

—MARKUS ASKE, author, *Money, Leaders, Power*, Times Arrow
No Hard Feelings

I LIKE HARRY A LOT. He's very straightforward, very down-to-earth, almost what I call a sweet person. I've given President Reagan, President Bush, and I've given him. And he was the most amiable—with a lot of humor.

—SUSAN BROWN, mayor, Pikesville, Calif.

New Bestiary Of Gorkas Boys We Know In School

QUAYLE ACTS LIKE THE KING OF CARS WHO would drive a roadster in you but if you threw one back at him he'd probably burst out crying and run home to tell his father. And there'd be repercussions.

—ROGER SCHREIBER, screen and TV writer

How I Love George Bush's King Management Style

IT'S A LITTLE OVERDOSE TO EXAGGERATE HOW OBSESSIVE HE IS WITH A COMPANY—the whole point of the Reagan era was to put stupid rich people in power. They're all over the place now; there are five busi-

ness thousand Dan Quayles. Everybody who works for a Burger King works for a Dan Quayle.

—IAN FLEMING, author, *The Great Game*

Now There's Finally A Number To Call To Report People

THE PURPOSE OF FRIENDS OF DAN QUAYLE IS TO PROMOTE THE FAIR AND BALANCED PRESENTATION OF HIS STILLS AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS. You can get in touch with us when you see someone you don't like that the press is doing to him. Just call our answering machine, tell us about it, and we'll check it out. The number is 1-800-541-1441.

—JOHN PORTER, president, Friends of Dan Quayle

Shh Shh

YOU KNOW HE HAS THE SMALLEST PENIS. I mean, we're talking friggin' gold records to his penis, remember, something for cover.

—CAROLE PARROT, author and actress

An Amazing Discovery

MY FAVORITE QUAYLE ANECDOTE: VICE-PRESIDENT DAN QUAYLE—QUOTED QUITE A FEW DAYS AGO:

—ANDY AARON, writer and filmmaker

How Writing Journals For Hundreds—Thousands Even Millions—Is Like Being A Kid

ONE DAY MY WIFE CAME HOME FROM A CLOTHING SHOP, LOREN TAILORING.

There was an enormous gold photo of Quayle on the wall, and he had

written "To Loren, my favorite boy last," apidical, apidical. Now, I don't know what Loren's last name is, but it's definitely not Taylor.

—PAUL J. GALLAGHER, professor, Indiana University School of Law—Bloomington

We Intelligent Folks Think That Neither Recent American Statesmen nor Quayle Is Quite As Good As Ronald Reagan Was Together

—MATT GROENING, creator of *The Simpsons*

New We Figure He's Doing It To Quayle And It's Making Us Mad

WE'RE IN THE SUCCESSION OF ENTERTAINERS TURNING REPUBLICAN CARTOONS WITH RONALD REAGAN EVERYBODY AND WE CAN'T IMPOSSIBLE FOR QUAYLE JUST GET INSTEAD AND EVERYBODY SAYS WE HOPE NOTHING HAPPENS TO QUAYLE, WE'LL GET QUAYLE AND THEN WHEN QUAYLE GETS IN IT'S FASCINATING TO IMAGINE ANYBODY QUAYLE CAN PICK FOR HIS RUNNING MATE WHO WOULD CHOOSE TO SAY WE CAN'T IMPOSSIBLE QUAYLE, WE'LL ONLY GET YOU KNOW WHO.

—BERT BROWNE JR., author, *Five Nights*

Want A Good Place To Be

I WORKED WITH DAN QUAYLE FOR EIGHT YEARS. I'VE WATCHED HIM WORK. THE MAN HAS HIS STRENGTHS. I SEE THE FLAWS. I SEE HIS STRENGTHS. I SEE A MAN WHO LOOKS MUCH MORE CONFIDENT WITH HIMSELF... He becomes more imperious every time I see him, and I have no problem pointing him as president.

—HAROLD VERNON, former vice-chairman, Quayle campaign

That Quayle Would Be A Terrible Vice-President And The Only Thing I Like About Him Is That He Would Be A Terrible Vice-President

—JAMES B. BROWN, former congressional candidate, 1984. "I think he's a terrible vice-president candidate. He's not even a good candidate for president."

—JAMES B. BROWN, former congressional candidate, 1988. "I think he's a terrible vice-president candidate. He's not even a good candidate for president."

—JAMES B. BROWN, former congressional candidate, 1992. "I think he's a terrible vice-president candidate."

—JAMES B. BROWN, former congressional candidate, 1996. "I think he's a terrible vice-president candidate. You can tell from the way he plays golf that he's a natural hunk."

—JAMES B. BROWN, former congressional candidate, 1996. "I think he's a terrible vice-president candidate."

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August 14, 1996, Republican National Convention

Quayle on a Latin American trip captioned "he ignored not peaking Latin."

The Post pointed out that this began as a joke in a [former] Republican congressional Claudia Schubert dinner speech but those publications picked it up as fact. Believe it or not, the Latin story is still around. He was in London recently and was asked about it in all seriousness by a BBC interviewer who thought he had actually got it.

"You may remember I was having some things that day, and so I'll help you check the accuracy of any of this stuff. I'd be happy to."

—DANIEL BRECHETTE, Quayle's press secretary

Editor's note: This companion spread goes along, apparently for having the same committee staff go.)

part 1: Quayle's military experience, his conservative background, his family history, his political leanings.

part 2: Quayle's career as a college student, his political leanings, his political career, his political philosophy, his political beliefs.

part 3: Quayle's career as a college student, his political leanings, his political career, his political philosophy, his political beliefs.

part 4: Quayle's career as a college student, his political leanings, his political career, his political philosophy, his political beliefs.

part 5: Quayle's career as a college student, his political leanings, his political career, his political philosophy, his political beliefs.

What George Bush Wants You To Know About Him

Groan in Office The Vice-Presidential timeline

1980
Bush vs. Quayle
Bush wins

Bush wins
over Quayle
in landslide
victory.

Bush wins
over Quayle
in landslide
victory.

Bush wins
over Quayle
in landslide
victory.

1984

Bush vs. Quayle
Bush wins
over Quayle
in landslide
victory.

Bush wins
over Quayle
in landslide
victory.

Bush wins
over Quayle
in landslide
victory.

1988

Bush vs. Quayle
Bush wins
over Quayle
in landslide
victory.

Bush wins
over Quayle
in landslide
victory.

Bush wins
over Quayle
in landslide
victory.

1992

Bush vs. Quayle
Bush wins
over Quayle
in landslide
victory.

Bush wins
over Quayle
in landslide
victory.

Bush wins
over Quayle
in landslide
victory.

1996

Bush vs. Quayle
Bush wins
over Quayle
in landslide
victory.

Bush wins
over Quayle
in landslide
victory.

Bush wins
over Quayle
in landslide
victory.

1998

Bush vs. Quayle
Bush wins
over Quayle
in landslide
victory.

Bush wins
over Quayle
in landslide
victory.

Bush wins
over Quayle
in landslide
victory.

2000

Bush vs. Quayle
Bush wins
over Quayle
in landslide
victory.

Bush wins
over Quayle
in landslide
victory.

Bush wins
over Quayle
in landslide
victory.

The Most Interesting Thing We Know About Him:

I WRITE A HUMOR COLUMN FOR *The Onion*, a satirical diary of a high-level bureaucrat in the Bush White House. He is one of my regulars. I made up a Quayle quote: "He was going to speak to the V.I.P.s and I had him say, 'The Civil War was the best war ever won because when you're fighting with yourself you're always going to win.'"

About two weeks later, I got a call from *The Quayle Quarterly*. They had numerous calls from people who thought it was a real quote and wanted to have it verified. Which is pretty amazing, really. But, you know, if you put that quote at the middle of a bunch of real Quayle quotes, you wouldn't think it was fake. It's the most interesting thing I know about Quayle. You can make up any quote, the more ridiculous the better, and it'll sound real.

—DOUGLASS G. MCGRAIGE, political columnist, playwright, and screenwriter

Why We Should Campaign in an "Win with Style" Election:

THE BIG STORY IS NOT QUAYLE'S ATTITUDE. The big story is George Bush's seeming policies of iniquity. Everybody pretends that Bush is smart, but it's very可疑 that he's not smart as Dan Quayle looks. Bush's moral comments. We can run them every week. Then, he'd do a little bit of a cleanup section. You could do a Quayle every week. Let's not forget Quayle has used a number of bad names, like the name of lawyers in America, and disqualification. I don't want to antagonize this, but at least he's a vague grip on issues, which Bush doesn't.

—ANDREW SULLIVAN, editor, *The New Republic*

How We're Beating 'em Never, Never Never to John About... Him Again:

EVEN BEFORE THE 1980 ELECTION, I predicted that Dan Quayle had become the target of a laughingstock to be of use to those of who accept money for making deals and underhanded remarks about other public servants. It would have been too much like making Howard Cosell jokes or Valerie White jokes—the only difference being that those two set out in line of succession to the presi-

dent. Still, my suggestion that we give a concession speechmaking to C-SPAN a replacement for the presidency was widely received as a valid attack on Quayle. No names were mentioned, though, and I still shudder every morning. If there comes a time when he's serious enough for me to make fun of I think there'll come for laughs.

—CARIN TRAVERS, humor columnist

Here Thinking About His Face We're Mind of a Lot of Things That Make Our Skins Itch:

A QUAYLE QUOTE THAT CAPTURED ENTITLED with the many paragraphs self-importance of your small-town brother who lovesbooks the form, your Golf car goes with the 12 million ad values whose ultimate destination of disgrace is being written by someone else. J. Danforth Quayle, the acolyte of the reigning prince of hypocrites John's passion module reveals the next J. Danforth Quayle, who has in fact got principles of his own, distinct from an shading confusion of an edition based on merit with a midwestern country-club version embracing the empty prestige of unnamed money and who is not the public joke to be seriously persecuted for votes, in being more rather than intelligent, using the visual metaphor that an unwise low, could, if allowed by a crippled hemisphere or a dead electorate, emerge as quite a dangerous blip.

—WILLIAM GARTNER, author, *The Hypocrite* and *Copernicus*

Why Bush Gains His Another Possibility:

ALL OF HIS KNOWLEDGE seems to be measured knowledge, he seems to have no defined self. There's a reduced emptiness there. There's no sheer there. But he's not the problem. His policies by an agency that's the problem—he was released recently for his image, which is a kind of stereotype of what's, curiously from the point of view of economists: bland and shallow and golf-playing and mostly indifferent to other people.

—SUSAN STEELE, author, *The Context of Our Characters*

The P—Ang Media:

I BELIEVE DAN QUAYLE has a good temperament, a real political philosophy, consistency—yet not a single leader in three years assigned to do a serious press on *Life* Period. And the fucking media know it. The last semblance of press was Woodward and Eccles'. Everything before that was uncharitable, condescending, jabs, Johnny Carson, more lies, more uncharitable. This week is the country in really fucking out of control they really are.

—ROBERT ASKEW, 1987 Bush-Quayle campaign consultant



May 1, 1987: Planning Memorabilia with Defense Secretary Tom Clancy

How Quayle Wins His Race to Be President in Different Press Investigating a Third-Rate Scandal:

FIVE MONTHS earlier with the Woodward-Breuer place is that by using the usual journalistic techniques, you cannot prove or disprove whether someone's an ass. The polls also consistently show Americans don't believe Dan Quayle is qualified to be president unless a commission were formed on anything provable or accusatory but on the judgment that he is a vicious, mendacious, and rather vicious person. Where the Woodward and Breuer get the idea that we want more bullets as seriously as we take everybody else?

—ROBERT ASKEW, columnist, *Newsday*

comes for the name does not do me much at all. It's very important. We have some problems in the campaign, but we're doing our best, and we're doing our best. If we're doing our best, that's what that's about that's important.

—Dan Quayle, *Time* magazine interview, March 1989

and a few more

"I Am the Future!"

The 1988 campaign index

Alderson, Lou
Mrs. Bush has "done a really
good job."

Bush, George H.W.
"He's got a good
team to back him up," quipped
former vice presidential
running mate abandoned by
Bush.

Spinks defeated against Senate
challenger Tom Hagedorn
in Georgia's 10th district.
Bush said that was because
Spinks had "the American
spirit." *(See* *Spinks*.)

Kavanaugh, Bill
Is poised to return to Congress
as he can't sell papers
concerning his secret affair
with his then-wife, Linda.

Mitchell
Is moved to "Dole's chamber
of horrors" for leaving
the treasury at less than
the percentage of last year's
surplus. *(See* *Dole* and *Surplus*.)

Philosophical Party
Perkins
Refuses to endorse Bush be
cause "he probably doesn't
care about the environment, like I do." *(See* *Quigley* or *Perkins*, a fellow member
of the party.)

Quigley, Dennis
Says "I don't have the guts
we require in the world." *(See*
Surplus.)

Spinks, D. Giovanni
"I am the future,"
and I

White House press corps
Signed off-the-record guarantee: "Very
big day... we... no, no, no,
you know it's big, it's
it's huge in my press room
there... it's like... right."
They didn't mind? *(See* *Spinks*.)

House of Representatives
Politicians are treated, first
to blues, then to a series
of blues.

Senate of the United States
"I'm
not very pleased with the
Senate and a remarkable
family and I am proud of my
family. Anybody can do that.
I have a great pleasure
to be more involved in their
family. It's a very good family.
It's a very good family. I have a
great pleasure as a family. For me,

Spinks defeated an otherwise poor
list of our "newest heroes." *(See*
Spinks)

White House press corps
Signed off-the-record guarantee:
"It's been a
damn good year."

Democrats call
for "more
cooperation" with the
Senate.

Democrats insist
Bush is "not
the right
choice" for
the president.
Bush says
he would
make a
"good
choice."

Democrats propose
"more
cooperation"
with the Senate.
Bush says
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"good
choice."

Democrats "defend"
Bush's
"leadership" but he
claims he's not
a leader. *(See* *Democrats*,
Bush, and *Leadership*.)

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"These hair-trigger pistols once saved the owner of *The Glenlivet* from a band of cutthroats."

- Sandy Milne,
our resident Sage

In the end, a British lot, were
clearly aware on dry days.

The scene was the desolate one
at Cock Bridge, on the Highlands
of Scotland, where The
Glenlivet, single malt Scotch, was
on its way home from a side of its
stock-piled whisky with money
bottled with gold sovereigns.

Also in Scotland's hills, famously
were a pair of hair-trigger pistols
given over by the laird of Abercorn
before the men could pounce him,
he cocktail and the paradise blood
into the pen for a closed-in whale
who filled the room. By the time
had cleared, George was on his
horse and away.

"If that punch had registered," says
our Sandy Milne, "there might not
be such a frag' saxy as The
Glenlivet. A thought horrible to contemplate."



Sandy Milne holding pistols on the rocks



What is a single malt Scotch?

A single malt Scotch is Scotch that originally came from one distillery. Not, like most Scotch today, a blend of many whiskies. The Glenlivet single malt Scotch therefore is considered to be a distinct bottled wine.

Blended Scotch is more like a mixture of wines from different vineyards.

The Glenlivet.
The Father of All Scotch.



JOSEPH ABBOU D'S NEXT STEP

SO YOU THINK YOU KNOW all about Joseph Abboud, right? Earth tones. Don't you just love all these umbrellas? Fashions. Look at the weave on those sweaters and sport jackets. Outwear. Classically designed, but, definitely not boring.



Not to mention that he's tweedy—the guy was born in Boston, what do you expect?—but not stuffy. And he's inspired by the 1940s, but he's very modern. And for the most part you'd be right. Last-ed, but right.

Now, here is what you ought to know about Joseph Abboud. In his seventh year with his own

men's wear label, Abboud is setting things up a bit. "Not only can Americans design sexy clothing," the forty-two-year-old Abboud says, "but American men can wear sexy clothing." This fall he has created fluid leather jackets, suits with softer silhouettes, and a lot more black. It's still very Abboud, just hipper. And more versatile. Throw on a polo shirt with

an Abboud suit and you're set for a casual dinner. Or mix a sport jacket from the Abboud collection with a tie from his second line, J.A. II, or perhaps something from JOE, Abboud's new sportswear line. No matter what your style, you'll never look like the average Joe.

Clockwise from front:
men's suit, by Joseph
Abboud; leather
loafer, by Wilson's Leather;
Gucci blazer, by George
Hammitt; Cappuccino
jacket, by Abboud.

"NOTHING SHOULD BE THE SUPPORTING ACTOR," Joseph Aboud says of his designs. "The customer should be the leading actor." With that in mind, we asked the cast of *The School Ties* to show off Aboud's new collection.

Opening next month, *School Ties* explores the effects of anti-Semites at a New England prep school in the

1950s—sort of *American Graffiti* set at the Dead Poet Society—and stars (from left to right) ANDREW LLOYD, an audience veteran who was featured on *A Different World*; CHRIS O'DOWD, who played Buddy in *Fried Green Tomatoes* and will co-star later this year with Al Pacino in *Semi-Automatic*; MATT DANCER, who appeared in *Mystic Pizza*; RANDALL BATTSKOVY, who starred

with Molly Ringwald in *For Keeps* and was last seen in *The Player*, and BRENDAN FRASER (shown on the following page), who made his film debut last year in *Dogfight* with River Phoenix and starred this summer as *Zorro*.

And if *School Ties* doesn't make them stars, at least the clothes will.

Front-left: ANDREW LLOYD; front-right: RANDALL BATTSKOVY; middle: BRENDAN FRASER; back: MATT DANCER and RANDALL BATTSKOVY

Back-left: ANDREW LLOYD; back-right: RANDALL BATTSKOVY; middle: BRENDAN FRASER; back: MATT DANCER

Front-left: ANDREW LLOYD; front-right: RANDALL BATTSKOVY; middle: BRENDAN FRASER; back: MATT DANCER





ARMED
LEATHER COAT:
SWEAT LEATHER
SHIRT: VINTAGE
WEAR. THIS P28
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TOM CATES AND
THE SQUIRREL
MEN'S WEAR.
Chris O'Donnell is an
easy-going, relaxed
American consistent
with his personality
and casual style.

and continues in
an easygoing, casual,
laid-back spirit.
jewelry: Alan Dennis
in previous page;
leather bracelet:
conservative leather
accessories from
the men's wear
department;
Guitar: David
Hawkins; leather
saddle: Vito's; tie: A
conservative
and casual sweater;
by Joseph Abboud



ARMER MAY BE
UNDER BLACK
LEATHER, BUT

THE TECNIC'S
STILL TRYING
Breaded meat or
new single-breasted
caped lambskin
can soft-serve
dressing like by
Joseph Altuzarra

biker gloves
Gucci. Opposite page:
Andrew Carnegie from
mycandid
leather skirt,
sheer vest and
satin dress
from Joseph
Altuzarra. White cotton
skirt by D.E. by
Joseph Altuzarra. Chair
is a copy of Paul Frank.

In All The World, Only One The Southwest's Most Indulgent Spa



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Rejuvenate your body and your mind in the Southwest's most comprehensive resort spa. Experience our wide array of rejuvenating body treatments, for men and women, including seven different types of massage, European facials and cleansing mud body treatments. Or indulge yourself in our hot and cold plunge pools, Finnish sauna, Turkish steam rooms and Swiss showers.

Plus, The Spa at Camelback Inn is privileged to offer the acclaimed aerobic and wellness training programs pioneered by Dr. Kenneth Cooper as well as a complete state-of-the-art fitness and exercise center.

It's what you would expect from Camelback Inn—where a tradition of睿智的 past and future, gourmet dining, and pampering service are a legend in the Southwest. Experience the legend for yourself.

For information about our exciting packages contact your travel agent or call 1-800-25-CAMEL.

Nourish your body. Revitalize your mind. Enhance your well-being as never before.

A GUIDE TO...



▲ Lake Austin Resort

A place designed to please, rest and reward. It is an escape to true peace, where you can move your body, stimulate your mind and purify your spirit. A frame of green country-side and calm blue waters envelope the land, creating the perfect environment to truly yourself and find balance within. A place of solitude is offered for everyone, including healthy gourmet meals, yoga, Tai Chi, stretching, massage and exotic spa treatments. Call 800-840-3661.

The Spa offers world class amenities such as hydrotherapy and massages, and innovative baking and baking on 3,200 pristine acres in Colorado. Stay at the luxurious 25-room Lodge at Cardillo's. Call 880-548-2721 for reservations.

The Golden Door

Give her a uniquely revitalizing week at California's Golden Door, the premiere luxury health spa — or just her during couples or coed weeks. Savor organically-grown vegetables from the spa's on-site garden and individualized fitness programs. Pay attention to both body and mind. Call (619) 744-5777.



▲ The Regency Health Resort & Spa

The only health resort in South Florida directly on the ocean. Enjoy the cool ocean breeze while you lose those extra pounds and soothe away your stress. Our medically supervised holistic approach to wellness dramatically reduces cholesterol and blood pressure levels and features generous vegetarian eating, exercise and muscle toning, meditation sessions, behavioral modification lessons, and smoking workshops. This integrated approach to wellness, along with the splendid South Florida environment setting, makes the Regency a world-class health resort. Call (305) 454-2235.

Healthy Retreats



Saybrook Point Inn

Luminous waterfront resort ideally situated at the mouth of the Connecticut River on the Long Island Sound. Unique environmental rooms, many with balconies and fireplaces. Award-winning restaurants. Full-service spa with all the pampering amenities featuring a "Day of Indulgence" package. Call for information (800) 385-2000 or 800-243-0212 (outside CT).

The Spa at Cardillo's

Step into the Rocky Mountains overlooking two massive ranges in the Val Valley

Green Valley Spa

This spa is as close to perfect as you can get. Attention to detail, a caring attitude, professional fitness training and luxurious pampering pack. Green Valley is the top spa of the world. These unique programs are offered: Skin Fitness, One-on-One, and Super Teams. All programs are Sunday in Sunday. Call 800-377-1662.

See reader service p. 28.

THE SPINDICATOR

A MONTHLY NEWSLETTER BRINGING YOU UP TO THE RECORD ON POLITICAL AND SOCIAL FRONTIER BY MICHAEL HORNIGRASS AND GUY MARTIN

Truth be told Spindicator is funded by United Good Readers and is Their Special Fine Folk Selected As Vets For Our Product in the Kmart circular a portion that:

OUR MISSION IS complete. You may not realize it, or even care, but this is one of those extremely rare instances in journalism where a column that starts out with such a **lofty purpose** as ours—celebrating spin—actually accomplishes what it sets out to do. But facts are facts. There is more spin, right now, and many **more trends** than there were when we started it. It is the direct result of our—and let's not be **faintly modest** here—**seminal work**. This is a joyous moment for us—like sending a precious child off to college—and we'd like you all to share it with us.

"The epochs are discerned by the types of people who lead them," wrote **Hieronymus Bosch** in the Father Principle. Of course, he was referring to an earlier lesser sort of world. But via culture that we give rise to what may now welfare reservation or reclusion be called the **Era of Spin**, a time in the world's history when the practice of the "high-concept" "style" reached its apogee.

Do you know how, if you toss a rock in a pool, a ripple and ripples? Images, if you can, the part you **without the Spindicator**.

Would there be a new anachronistic vogue in Chinese imagined Jing Zhuo men's decorum, which a USA Today source says "can cause psychological agony" by utilizing space tactfully? A study showing that blue is Americans' favorite color of confidence? A papal gov-warrior Soviet drug? An all-night laser-laser-like penitentiary for a solid month? What's hot spring? A Monopoly Doll, whose Velveteen world opens up to reveal a **giganticating future**? What imagined? New Texas hill towns in Mexico City? The Commando? Second Generation? Ben Quayle boldly forging a career-controversy-filled image of **Jesus Christo y Gobernante**'s theory of class? Without fail No way?

Passenger Cindy Diller, Connie, Brett, and Dennis (in her last public appearance) at the *Die Sinti* in Spain. It's been pretty EuroDisney. "There was a lot of joy in the room," a guest admitted, "but also a profound sense of loss."



Look at the unvarnished evidence in the matter of geopolitics. The entire U.S. Navy will be undergoing **"sensitivity training"** this year—a direct result of the Spindicator's relentless efforts in causes of **political correctness** (as well as semi-harmless corollaries by recent-past winners after a Las Vegas naval-officers convention). Imaginative preemptive **overland bombing** early winter, canine-based A.A. Isardius lighter jocks on Tropo or flagship...and our dreams synch but absolutely no effect on government policy.

Let's not forget that the Era of Spin has had many precedents in ages when **W. B. Yeats** pressed his doublets less "turning and turning in the widening gyre." (Things fall apart, the center cannot hold.) In we're going, we have no doubt, the almost of the racial pragmatization industry as we know it. In fact the notion of spin deriving from the French doctor of learning is ancient old, in comparing Yeats' theory of the gyroscopic march of history, Yeats' own circular model of consciousness. **Billy Preston's** musical question "Will it go round in circles?", and high tech spin practitioners of our age like Hassidic Judas, Ed Rollins, Roger Ailes, Rush Limbaugh, and the editors of *The New York Times Opinions* section.

BUT TODAY WE'RE AT A crossroads of history. Caesar has died, Barry Diller has left Fox television, Marlene Dietrich has moved on to silent death, the New World Order launches bravely into place, and the Gods no longer want us. Thursday night. We thought we, too, should cast a good fit, meeting, but not mauling bow and end our breakday day. Ah, passages, passages.

And so done, we drew back the gaudy curtain to leave the sound stage to that new heat shooting around the White House. **Rex Perot**, a cross of such everyone spin is money that he makes us, well, proud.

So with a blinding dose of Allspice Pepper and a soy-protein shearer, we led others with the words of another previous issue, **W. H. Auden**: "Bob, heavy words! Bob as you open-blended in meat, remain from the happy."

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